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Truth and Poetry



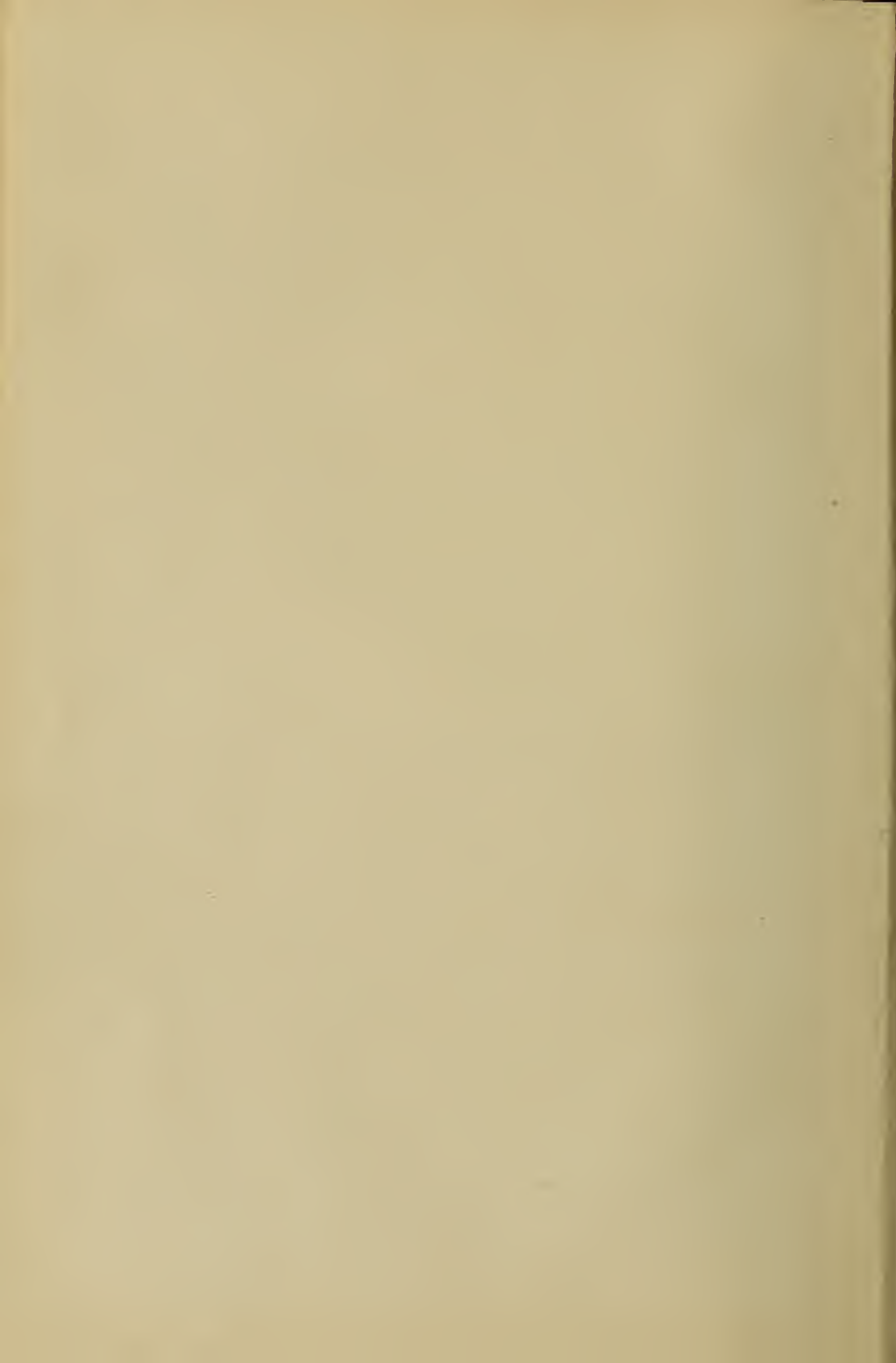
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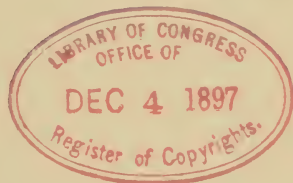


TRUTH AND POETRY

....BY....

R. P. BRORUP.

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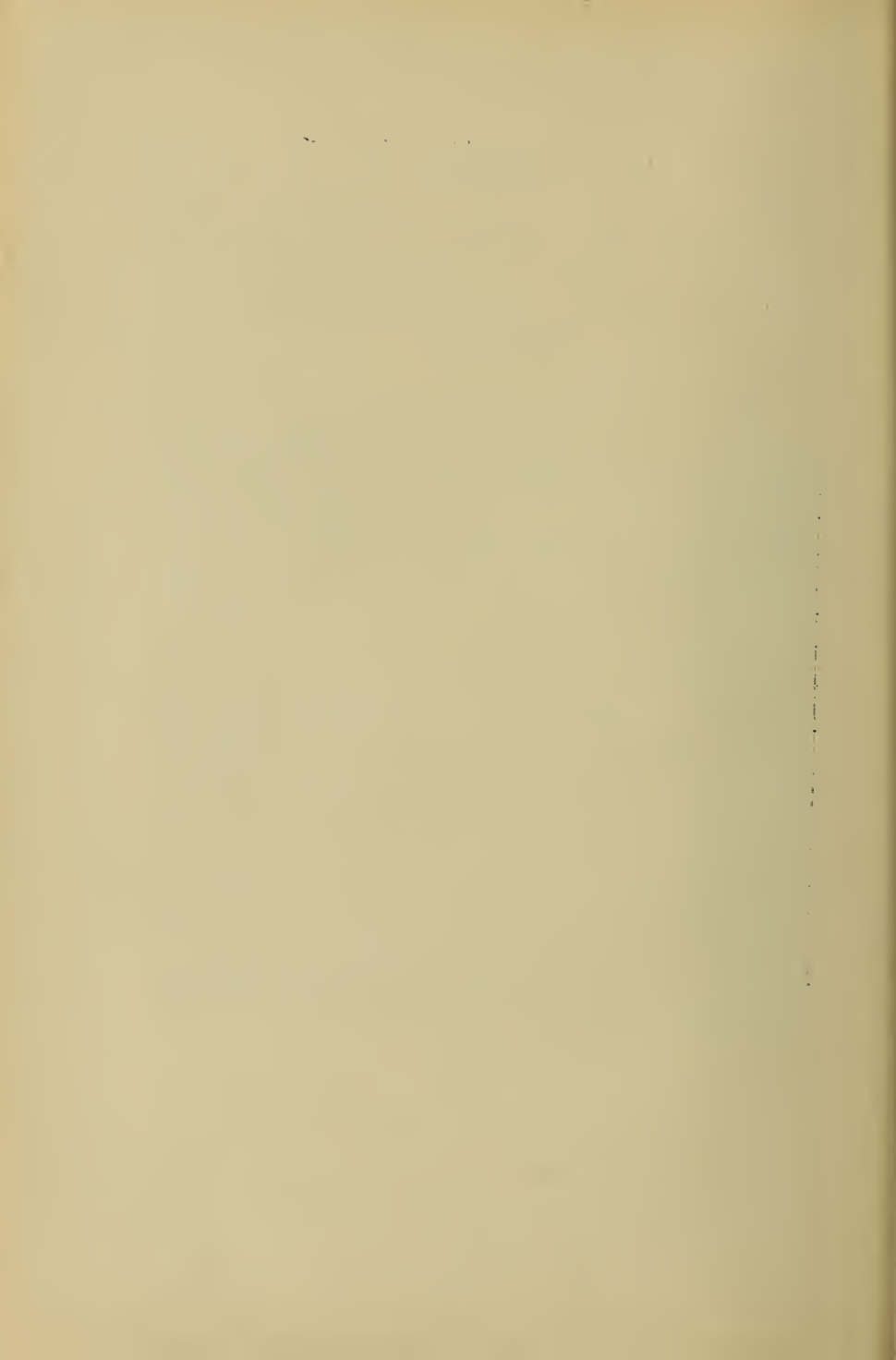
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PREFACE.

The collection of poems herein contained was complete some years ago, since which time nothing has been added and but little eliminated or altered. Most of the poems were written between the age of thirty and thirty-eight, a few were written earlier, two, (No 4 and 17) at the twenty-third year of the author's life. These are the only ones of many written at that early age that have been thought worth preserving. The publishing of them now at length is not an afterthought, but it was thought best that the experiences and thought-currents that brought them into existence should have sufficiently passed to be reviewed by a later age. If the writings of a poet be anything but the mere versification of commonplace ideas or narrative, if it be poetry at all, it will necessarily contain something of his life and experience. However, when taken for granted to be an exact revelation of it, the supposition is carried too far. It is enough to suppose he has had sufficient experience to *suggest* what is written, but this may be deeper and wider than actual experience.



Truth and Poetry.

Music of the Human Heart.

Music of the human heart,
More sweet than aught beside.
Master of the sacred art,
Touch the strings that deepest hide.

May no single one refuse
To combine in harmony,
And in unison produce
Sweet and perfect melody.

For, if one is played alone,
And incessantly the strain,
Weak and selfish is the tone,
Little sweetness it retain.

But, if we in quick succession
Touch the chords that nearest lie,
Which can make the proud profession
To be first—and tell us why:

“Touch, oh touch the string of Love,
Poet’s fancy dream divine,
All inspire, all to move,
Thrill each soul, the heart refine.

“But to find the chord of Love,
Love unmixed, Love divine,
That to noblest deed will move,
And the heart indeed refine.

- "Purest gold we often mingle
With alloys of baser sort;
But if thou canst get it single,
Sweetest music brings it forth.
- "But perhaps the string of Hate
We might touch by might of reason,
Till like tempest it vibrate—
Wake from slumber for a season.
- "Hate of wrong and hate of evil,
Deep and dire condemnation
Of the works of sin and devil,
And appeal for God's salvation.
- "Louder, louder, till like thunder
It resound from shore to shore,
And awake a world to wonder,
God, the God of might adore.
- "No, oh no, but touch the string
Of the gay, beguiling Pleasure,
Let the siren for us sing,
And to hear give plenty leisure.
- "Yes, but if the string is played,
Played often, yes, and fast,
Soon the music must be stayed,
For the string not long can last.
- "Let us then have songs of Peace,
Peace enduring that will last,
Sing to us of rest and ease,
Till the sense of care is past.
- "Few, but few do know the tone
Of God's true and perfect Peace,
But will hear if we alone
Sing to them of sleep and ease.

"Well, then, touch the string of Hope,
Lift us up above our sorrow;
Give the music wider scope,
Comfort from the future borrow.

"True, thy Word is fitly spoken,
Often Hope in darkness shone,
But her strings are sometimes broken,
Or, perhaps, are out of tone.

"Touch the string of proud Ambition,
Loudly let her clamor rise;
Let us see Fame's brightest vision,
Then to all proclaim her praise.

"But to gain her proud desire
Few perhaps have strength—and hence
Why to tumult thus inspire,
Rather touch the note of Patience.

"And let gentle Melancholy,
Sweeter far than all beside,
Give us music pure and holy,
Touch the strings that deepest hide.

"Half of earth and half of heaven,
Listen to her still, sweet voice,
If to us it may be given
This to hear above earth's noise."

* * * * *

Music of the human heart,
More sweet than all beside.
Master of the sacred art,
Touch the strings that deepest hide.

May their music ever rise,
And in perfect harmony,
To the highest, holy praise,
Consecrated melody.

Love of God, thy love endure,
Thrill each bosom, life impart;
Peace of God, so calm and pure,
Mend the discord of our heart.

Joy of God give us the token
That our souls indeed are blest;
Hope, thy strings shall not be broken,
On God's promises they rest.

Fire of God, both pure and holy,
Burn with hatred to all wrong;
And let gentle Melancholy,
Sweet and pensive, join the song.

Rise, oh rise, the song victorious,
O'er earth's discord and earth's noise;
Nearer heaven, swell the chorus
Of the ransomed with thy voice.

Upward, upward, still ascending,
Higher, higher, ever rise—
Till at last in glory ending,
Angels, too, shall join the praise.

The Pioneer Bachelor on the Prairie.

The winds without they howl and bark,
The shanty badly shake,
But, though the night is cold and dark,
His mind is yet awake;
He puts his book upon the shelf,
And in his chair reclining,
His soul withdrew within itself—
Alone, but not repining.

Perhaps his thoughts are wandering forth,
Past present toil and worry,
And making pathway quick and short,
Beyond the cabin sorry;
He soon with love and joy is blest,
And lonesome hours—no, never!
But plenty leisure, peace and rest,
And home, sweet home forever.

Or else, perhaps, his mind go back,
Go back, but now once more
Along an old and beaten track,
Where oft it went before;
Perhaps a sorry "might have been,"
Is there in record written,
That never now shall be again,
Forever from him smitten.

His life, not like a stately bark
That flows on a swelling tide,
With sails that make a shining mark
Upon the ocean wide;
But rather a clumsy bulk of weight
With little of pride or show,
But deep beneath and out of sight
There works the faithful screw.

So, fervor and high emotional heat
May come and go and vanish,
And toil and cares may fret and eat,
Enthusiasm may banish;
And yet within a faithful heart,
A principle, strong and true,
May ever in right direction start,
And wind and tide subdue.

Alone.

Alone, like a lonely tree on the plain,
Exposed to every wind and storm,
Torn by the tempest, struck by the rain,
Beaten out of shape or form,
Its twisted and tortured limbs outstretching,
As if imploring the heavens above,
Its naked and bare arms upreaching
Towards the God of pitying love.

Thus alone, forsaken, forlorn,
By every wind and tempest driven,
By the storms of life battered and torn,
And no sweet home as shelter given;
By clouds and darkness all surrounded,
No friendly hand to guide is near,
The heart in icy fetters shrouded,
No word of love to melt and cheer.

Like traveler in desert land,
In weary wanderings unceasing;
Above, beneath, the barren sand,
The empty mirage ever teasing;
The yearning heart forever longing,
No fountain there to satisfy;
The weary thoughts forever thronging,
The object never drawing nigh.

Loneliness, deeper, darker still,
No heaven near, no hope beyond;
The empty heart shall never thrill
With rapture of a nobler end;
All nature is a blank— forbidden,
No words of hope or comfort there;
Its glory and its God is hidden,
No message to the heart it bear.

And thus, like a forsaken wreck,
 Alone upon the boundless sea,
 Driven where the aimless freak
 Of the waves and wind decree;
 No hand with skill its course directing,
 No end or object aimed at,
 All life and plan and purpose lacking,
 No haven for its goal is set.

And yet within the heart concealed,
 The germ of greatness still is found,
 Oh, could its glory be revealed,
 The icy fetters be unbound;
 The light of some great truth compelling,
 Might life unto the soul impart,
 The warmth of some great love excelling,
 Might melt and cheer the frozen heart.

The light of truth and warmth of love
 The hidden glory might unfold,
 And life and hope and gladness move
 Where all before was dark and cold.
 And thus the seed of life upspringing
 Might grow, unfold in time, and bud;
 Embracing, with its tendrils clinging,
 Be lifted upward to its God.

Past and Future.

Look forward, not regretting
 The things that now are past;
 Behind the sun is setting,
 The shadows lengthen fast.
 But glorious forever
 Before thee he ascend,
 To fade or set, no, never,
 Thy future has no end.

Let not an airy phantom,
From out the dreamy past,
E'er cause thee to abandon
Thy work, while life shall last.
Let not its presence wily,
Discourage heart and hand,
And bind thy spirit slyly
With fetters and with bands.

Fond images of beauty
Thou harbor to thy cost,
Thou with the heel of duty
Must trample in the dust.
Thou from thy heart's fond embrace
Must tear and thrust aside,
And in their former place
Shall Hope again abide.

Consent not to be willing
To harbor there a grief,
Where Hope should have her dwelling,
Believe there is relief.
Be struggling with thy sorrow,
Though faint thy heart may be,
There yet is strength to borrow,
And light that still may cheer.

Be not with hands out-reaching
For moments that are past,
Life's ocean outstretching
Lies 'fore thee grand and vast.
Be firm, for thou art sailing
Through waters deep and dark;
Thy strength must not be ailing
Lest waves engulf thy bark.

The star that ever beckons
Thee onward on thy way,
It never fails or weakens
Though sun and moon decay;

Its glory still may brighten
Thy path through gloom and night,
May death's dark valley lighten,
And guide thee on aright.

Our Eden lost before
No longer we bewail,
For on the other shore
A better now we hail.
In glory that transcending,
In beauty far above,
Its future never ending;
Hail gift of God's own love.

An Open Door.

We knock at many a closed door,
And try again as we have before;
And yet, how often do not prevail,
The door is shut, our efforts fail.

Perhaps we knock at the door of Fame,
And would inside inscribe our name;
But no, the door is closed, alas,
And so we turn and sadly pass.

May be we now at Fortune's gate
Are knocking and with patience wait,
But all in vain, 'tis bolted fast,
And so we give it up at last.

Or, would be great in Learning's store,
And seek an entrance through the door,
We knock, but no it opens not,
And so obscurity be our lot.

But now, content with life at ease,
 With love and friendship, joy and peace;
 We seek an entrance to her bower,
 Perhaps find this beyond our power.

And thus we try each door in turn,
 But oh, how often sadly learn
 That none will open to our call,
 We find them closed, one and all.

And yet how blind we are, alas,
 A door is open, yet we pass,
 We seek and stumble, here and there,
 And yet this door is ever near.

Above the door, our hearts to cheer,
 In golden letters, large and clear,
 We read these words both strange and bold.
 "An open Door for all, behold!"

Inquirest thou who wrote these words?
 The Son of God, the Christ our Lord.
 He thus the door has opened wide,
 And to the end it shall abide.

An open door that none can close,
 But all may enter who will choose;
 No power on earth or hell can win,
 To close the door if thou wilt in.

No notice or certificate
 Of wisdom, learning, or estate,
 Of talents great or beauty fair,
 Is needed for an entrance here.

And nought that can befall in life,
 Want, poverty, defeat or strife,
 A humble station, lowly lot,
 Whate'er it be it matters not.

No change can come across our way,
No circumstances need delay;
The invitation is for all,
And all are equal to the call.

Whatever is required here,
The humblest with the greatest share,
Upon a level all here stand,
Who makes the effort, enter can.

What is required? one thing sure,
A manly purpose, strong and pure,
Whoe'er for this has soul and heart,
May enter in whoe'er thou art.

But, askest thou, what good and great
Upon thy entrance thou shalt meet,
Or, how appears the field beyond,
And what about the final end.

Hath Fame within her temple there,
Doth Beauty flatter, gay and fair,
Hath Fortune there her gold and shrine,
And what of this shall then be thine?

If Fortune there within should be,
Her form as yet I fail to see;
Though well I know her strange, weird smile,
Wherewith her servants she beguile.

If Pleasure has her temple there,
Where Beauty flatter gay and fair,
With mirthful dance the heart decoy,
I do not see her passing by.

But, nearest by I see a cross,
Is meant, perhaps, for each of us;
And close by it, their forms I know,
Stands joyous Hope, with Faith and Love.

The path beyond, as I can see,
 It narrow seems, yet safe it be;
 The landscape has an air of cheer,
 And calm and peaceful it appear.

Fame's airy castles towering high,
 Ought to be seen afar or nigh;
 But, looking for them as I do,
 They do not now come into view.

And yet beyond the narrow way,
 That climbs the mountain near the sky,
 As through the mist a glory shine,
 And rays of light that seem divine.

But though I try to look beyond
 I fail to see the final end;
 The path is lost toward the sky,
 In light of beauty, love and joy.

The glory doth not seem to cease,
 But further on doth still increase,
 The end can see no mortal eye,
 Though looking far beyond the sky.

What can be seen I now have told,
 "An open Door for all, behold!"
 Hast thou a purpose strong and pure,
 Here is an entrance safe and sure.

A Picture of Life.

One night in my dreams I chanced to stand
 By a river that near me flowed,
 On a point projected out from land,
 The river around it moved.

Some friends of mine were standing by,
We looked at the river rushing;
It was now in spring, the water was high,
Its force all barriers crushing.

Our eyes would catch at objects nigh,
That flowed upon the river;
That danced upon the waves so high
And onward moved ever.

Idle and curious stood we there,
And rather a little belated;
Bedizened by the whirl so near,
And strangely fascinated.

But, as we stood by the river which
So fixed our rapt attention,
The water forced a narrow ditch
Across the point in mention.

But this was scarcely seen by us,
So small a matter it seemed;
Yet wider and wider it grew across,
As the water through it streamed.

Finally I turned and looked around,
The chasm was then quite wide,
I saw it had undermined the ground,
Where we stood on the other side.

Waiting no longer, I called with haste,
And showed the friends our peril;
'Tis plain we would have no time to waste,
If we would escape our burial.

Scarcely I know what happened then,
It was a crisis, a struggle for life;
Attempts frustrated and tried again,
At last an end of the strife.

But as we stood on the other shore,
We saw the island a starting;
The frothy waves the place swept over,
It was to the depths departing.

Then as I awoke all safe and sound,
I pondered the dream awhile,
'Tis the busy, whirling world around,
That our hearts attract and beguile.

Beguiled and fascinated we stand,
With the world around us moving;
The chasm grows wider on every hand,
As the stream of time is flowing.

Grows deep and wide till a gulf is fixed,
That none can cross or pass over;
The saved and lost are never mixed,
As the Word to us discover.

The Voyage of Life.

On the ocean of life my youthful bark
Already for years had sailed,
A haven of quiet, that was the mark,
But hope had hitherto failed.

When first I set out on the voyage long,
No wind or wave alarmed,
My heart and life was filled with song,
And Hope's bright vision charmed.

Yes, hope was young, the arm was strong,
And fancy's bright vision beamed;
I meant what was well would do no wrong,
And this was fair, so it seemed.

I meant to do right, play well my part,
And said, "O Lord, thou me keepest."
Then sounded a voice within my heart,
It said, "Awake, thou that sleepest."

I looked around as I rose from the bark,
Though nothing could I discover;
But I saw the waters grew ruffled and dark,
And storm-clouds came passing over.

The breeze that before was gentle and mild,
Like tempest now roar and thunder;
The storm all around me grew fierce and wild,
I gazed in awe and wonder.

The ocean, before so calm and clear,
Came dashing with wave after wave;
Instinctive with apprehension and fear,
I looked for some one to save.

Then called the voice again by name,
The same already in mention;
Inquiring, but calmly it to me came
And said, "What is thy intention?"

"Thou seekest a haven, a shelter of rest,
And seekest it well with reason;
If thou me follow, shall thy request
Be fulfilled in its season.

"But havens of shelter and quiet retreat,
Without wave, or wind, or tide,
Is not to be found, will never we meet,
On this side the ocean wide.

"Here clouds with sunshine are changing fast,
No quiet or rest is secure;
Sometimes the brightness is quickly past,
And gloom is certain and sure.

"But, follow me over life's high-rolling sea,
Where I thee will safely guide;
And then, whether sunshine or storm shall be,
The rocks we will surely avoid."

I listened and peace came to my soul,
For it was the Savior's voice;
And now, though the billows round me roll,
I heed not their angry noise.

And now, but to care and follow aright,
Where he in his wisdom leadeth;
For whether the days are dark or bright,
To follow is all that is needed.

I know that the way, as he me has told,
Is safe, though ever so narrow;
And soon over yonder I shall behold,
The haven without sin or sorrow.

Consecration.

"Lord, I give myself to thee,"
Quoth the convert, cheerily,
"All I have, oh Lord, is thine,
And thy will be done, not mine.

"I would every whit be whole,
Leave no stain upon my soul;
But command and speak the word,
For thy servant heareth, Lord.

"I would trust though thou me slay,
Lord, then only have thy way."
But he ne'er had known the hour,
When was tried the boasted power.

Now a ray of light shone in,
And he saw a little sin;
Dear to him, he ne'er sought grace,
E'en to look it in the face.

Now he heard the Savior's voice,
And he stood before his choice:
"Thou art counting all but dross,
Nail that sin now to my cross."

But he sadly turned away,
Found it grievous to obey;
While the still, small voice thus pleaded,
He his heart's deceivings heeded.

Louder now, perhaps, he prayed,
And evasive means he tried,
Substituting forms of merit
For obedience to the Spirit.

Now the Lord began to slay,
Not his body, not that way—
But his worldly hopes were slain,
And the slaying caused pain.

His ambition, selfish, low,
Also felt the heavy blow;
And each purpose worldly, vain,
In succession quick was slain.

And his heart God did not spare,
But its tender chords laid bare;
As he failed to heed the token,
Some by unseen hands were broken.

Now he saw, and to his sorrow,
That the way indeed is narrow;
That his darling sins denial,
Is indeed both cross and trial.

Oh, the idols, how they twine
Round the heart, and how we pine
If they should away be driven,
And the cup of sorrow given.

Oh, how light our protestation
Of entire consecration,
And how soon we cry, alas,
That the cup might from me pass.

Even Christ's own consecration
To God's will and our salvation,
Was with agony of trial,
Bloody sweat of self-denial.

Though he was God's holy one
When he said, "thy will be done;"
And the cup was to him given,
He in prayer besought high heaven.

We, indeed, his cross must bear,
And his cup of sorrow share;
Not in boastful self-reliance,
Nor with pompous all-defiance.

Rather pray for God's salvation,
From the trial and temptation,
Which indeed thy heart might lure,
And thy strength but ill endure.

Then go seek for consecration,
In the vale of humiliation;
There each sin renounced, forsaken,
And each cross cheerfully taken.

A Dream.

I had a dream, a beautiful dream,
So pure and bright it seemed;
Settled and calm was life's swollen stream,
The sky with brightness beamed.

I thought to have found the haven of rest,
Where love and sympathy greeted;
My yearning and longing heart was blest
Where Peace and Joy were seated.

My weary wanderings ended at last,
The struggle and bitterness ceased;
The desolate loneliness all was past,
My troubled heart was eased.

Each tear was dried with friendship's kiss,
And all that I dearly loved;
Enraptured in a bower of bliss,
My peace like a river flowed.

I awoke—all round me was cold and dark,
And barren and empty as ever;
And round me voices of discord—hark!
Life's wild and swollen river.

Ah, beautiful vision, dream of delight,
Like mirage in desert it failed;
'Tis written in sand, the image bright,
The weary wanderer paled.

And life was still a desolate plain,
The struggle was yet before me;
Around me loneliness, danger and pain,
And clouds of darkness hung over me.

But now and then, above, beneath,
 A tone of hope is ringing,
 And here and there, on the desolate heath,
 A little flower upspringing.

Say, could they cover the desolate heath,
 If ever so careful tended;
 The flowers that grow so humbly beneath,
 Their sweetness the desert lended.

Perhaps, some day, let it not annoy,
 If not ere the journey is over,
 The flowers of beauty, love and joy,
 The desolation shall cover.

May be I then shall find again
 A that I so dearly loved;
 Perhaps the beautiful vision then,
 Is only a little removed.

'Couldst Thou Not Watch With Me One Hour?'

"Couldst thou not watch one hour with me?"
 Gently the Savior is asking thee;
 And why should it greatly test our power,
 To watch with the Savior through the one hour.

Thou askest why thou must watch and wait,
 Thinkest thou hast watched long and late;
 Why thou must still on thy post remain,
 While others have nothing thus to restrain.

Why thou must wearily stand aside,
 And still must on thy guard abide;
 While others have careless days of mirth,
 And live at ease upon the earth.

Ask not in haste, complain thou not,
 Know that the Savior have thee not forgot;
 Wouldest thou him leave for earth's vain joys,
 For idle pleasures and childish toys?

What other may do is naught to thee,
 Saith the Savior, "Follow thou me."
 And what if the purpose is not yet plain,
 Perhaps, after all, thy loss may be gain.

If thou art called to stand on the tower,
 And watch with the Savior through the one dark hour,
 Thou mightest rather the token hail,
 Thou art trusted where others would fail.

With sorrow how often the Savior see,
 How restless and anxious the watchers be;
 "Eternal life I have gained for thee,
 Coudest thou not watch one hour with me?"

"Not As The World Give, Give I Unto You."

Grant us thy pity, tender and loving,
 Yearning compassion for the forlorn;
 Not as the world, while pity bestowing,
 Often doth sting the spirit with scorn.

Oft by its pride, cold, irritating,
 Paining the soul, wounding the heart,
 Thou will us soothe, sorrow abating,
 Healing the spirit, comfort impart.

Grant us thy peace, calm as a river,
 Yet ever flowing onward its course;
 Living, life-giving, failing us never,
 Deep as thy love its fountain and source.

Not as the world's, delusive and hollow,
 Sleep of the soul, misnamed peace—
 Peace like a pool, stagnant and shallow,
 Breeding corruption, death and disease.

Grant us thy joy, thy sunshine in sorrow,
 Lighten, enliven, strengthen our heart;
 Rich in its treasure, naught need it borrow,
 That the world's flickering lights can impart.

Not as the world, whose borrowed pleasure,
 Lent to a' ure, pleasing awhile,
 Robbing the strength, the soul of its treasure,
 While with its pleasure the heart beguile.

Compensation.

A compensation for every ill,
 There is through the sanctified will,
 That to use it right has purpose and skill.
 Gain may be had from the bitter loss,
 Salvation because of the heavy cross,
 And all work together for good to us.

The ill more felt may be, indeed,
 Because related to present need,
 Therefore, to it we give more heed.
 Time intervening our vision debar
 From seeing the compensation afar,
 And, therefore, less impressed we are.

Whether of ill or good effect,
 Whether to please or else affect,
 'Tis only a loss through our neglect.
 Whatever condition our life attend,
 What circumstances God us send,
 May all work together for the great end.

To God who shaped this great aim,
To which he would we should attain,
Our good and ills are equally vain.
Whether our nerves quiver with joy,
Or else affliction our heart annoy,
'Tis means to an end and passes by.

God stands enthroned, where he on high,
Can see our lives as they pass by,
The mist of time doth not annoy.
The end eternal he sees of the race,
The little beginning we here can trace,
And all is clearly before his face.

If alone where the world's wild sea doth rage,
We calmly stood and read life's page,
Saw up and down the eternal age.
If there the Spirit us vision might lend
To see from here to the far beyond,
And view the ending that has no end.

To see the path that leads upward ever,
It windings by the blissful river,
And on in glory ending never.
Where higher and higher it ascend,
And something nobler yet beyond,
And so unceasing without end.

And could we feel the bosom thrill,
As love and peace and joy it fill!
And onward, onward, higher still.
Away from sorrow, want and woe,
Away from pain we ne'er shall know,
And something nobler yet to prove.

Or, if we saw before our face,
And if distinctly we could trace,
The windings of the downward race.

As ever downward it must tend,
And to the pit he now descend,
And ever downward without end.

And, if our telescope could trace,
The look of that despairing face,
As still the downward path he pace!
Away from God, away from love,
Away from joy he ne'er may know,
And farther, farther down in woe.

If we the power could convene,
Above earth's clamor stand serene,
And thus with God review the scene.
No doubt, in measure we forgot
The nature of our earthly lot,
Or, to a level came it not.

All circumstances or condition,
May help us win if our ambition,
Is what is noblest in our vision.
Or, if we turn away our face,
And downward run an easy race,
All may help onward our disgrace.

Poverty, riches, pain or pleasure,
Love or loneliness, want or treasure,
Fame or failure, toil or leisure;
If sanctified and used aright,
May be as wings to aid our flight,
Up towards glory and God's light.

Or, if by low and selfish use,
We, these in any way abuse,
A stumbling-block we may produce.
A trap and snare it may prove,
A weight to drag us down in woe,
Unconsciously for all we know.

Whate'er is sent us, crown or cross,
 May be adornment or but dross,
 A help or hindrances to us.
 May be of service to the soul,
 Away the stumbling-blocks may roll,
 And build and beautify the whole.

The Down-trodden Flower.

Pitious struggle, lost little flower,
 Here and alone by the hard-trodden path;
 Why art thou not in a pleasant bower,
 Rejoicing in dewdrops and sunny bath.

Oft by the heavy foot thou art bruised,
 Stepped upon and trampled down;
 In growth and beauty sadly reduced,
 Nourished little by the hardened ground.

Yet, thou art living thy God-given life,
 However surroundings may pain or annoy;
 Smiling, though faintly, through tears of strife,
 At its indifferent passer-by.

Little of strength and little of beauty,
 Yet what thou hast, thou gladly give;
 Doing thy best, performing thy duty,
 Never despising so humbly to live.

Using for God through days and hours,
 Whatever of sweetness and fragrance thou hast;
 Believing thou also art one of his flowers,
 Though sadly neglected and heedlessly passed.

* * * * *

Lord, is the fragrance of the down-trodden flower
 To thee more dear than of others so bright,

That grow and blossom in pleasant bowers,
With plenty of care and tender delight?

Or, why is the spirit so often hunted,
And driven by fierce, relentless foes,
Till life and growth is seemingly stunted,
Groaning forever in death-like throes.

Some tyrant, perhaps, with despotic power,
Forcing his way by might and main,
Trampling and bruising human flowers,
To gain his ambition, selfish and vain.

Haughtily striding across the mass
Of quivering nerves and human hearts,
Crushing out hope and joy, alas,
Keeping it down wherever it starts.

Or else, perhaps, some noble heart chained
By circumstances, or else, what not;
Where heart and mind is hourly pained,
Yet bound to its uncongenial lot.

While wishing to soar with unfettered spirit,
And grow towards God in love and light,
They fetters of want and pain inherit,
That never allow to nature her flight.

With hearts to glow with exaltation,
And rival in love and friendship's charm,
They walk midst trials and dire temptation,
Distressed by dangers, fears and alarm.

Or, placed where waves of want and sorrow,
Forever compassed, defiantly frown,
Struggling in vain for Hope's bright to-morrow,
Forever recedes and never yet down.

And why are so many a heart's rich treasure,
Heedlessly passed without a thought;
With none to awaken the tune of pleasure,
They linger forgotten, neglected, unsought.

And why are so many a germ of greatness
Left to decay, or nipped in the bud;
And why are so many a flower of sweetness,
Neither appreciated nor understood.

Yes, why are so many a why and wherefore
Left to puzzle and leave us in doubt;
Asking, inquiring, over and over,
What none can declare or tell us about.

Often the path is dark and obscure,
And barrier across the way is cast;
We fain would march on, but are called to endure,
And wait, without knowing how long it may last.

With foes behind, in front the waves,
We stand perplexed like Israel of old;
None seemingly near to help or save,
No way or passage we can behold.

Dost thou delight in the hunted roe,
Chased by hounds, bloodthirsty and strong;
Driven, surrounded by a pitiless foe,
Yielding and dying right or wrong.

Or why stand afar when the hart is panting,
And thirsting for waters of comfort sweet;
Seeking distressed, gasping and fainting,
They perish for want and the desert's heat.

Or why shouldest thou see thy flowers pining,
Bruised and trodden so oft underfoot,
While briars and thorns are upward twining,
Spreading their branches but bearing no fruit.

Dost thou desire the spirit crushed,
Till courage and dignity all have left;
Till love and hope and joy is hushed,
And the soul of its beauty is bereft.

Or, has the poison so penetrated,
Deep, deep into the human heart,
That it can be eradicated,
By means alone that sting and smart.

Is human gold with dross so mixed,
That it require a fire so strong;
A furnace—though the heart be vexed—
To purify and burn the wrong.

Or must the soul, with sin polluted,
Be plunged beneath affliction's wave,
Because the taint is deeply rooted,
And nothing else will help or save?

Must weeds so foul be torn and crushed,
Whose roots are deep down in the heart,
Though love and hope and joy be hushed,
That flowers of holiness may start.

And thus the flowers to grow and flourish,
Be rooted in a humble heart;
The tears of deep repentance nourish,
And vigor to the plant impart.

The flowers have their root in sorrow,
That we in paradise shall see;
And thus in part from suffering borrow.
Before they can perfected be.

Must through the vale of humiliation
We pass to follow Christ our Lord;
No way around for our Salvation,
Can earth or heaven us afford.

And thus the road that leads to heaven,
For all and ever narrow be;
And is the end to those but given,
That will comply with this decree.

Must crowns of glory, fading never,
First press with thorns the victor's brow;
The righteous scepter, ruling ever,
First be a rod that brings us low.

The robes of saints so white and pure,
Forevermore be cleansed in blood,
To make their lustre to endure
Eternally before our God.

Perhaps our vision is too narrow,
And ought to have a wider scope;
Not measure it by present sorrow,
But look beyond, through faith and hope.

Perhaps the veil too oft remained,
And is not lifted from our eye;
The soul obscured and restrained,
Thus fail to look beyond the sky.

If every veil was rent asunder,
And all things clearly seen by us,
Perhaps we in admiring wonder,
Should quite forget our present cross.

Where the eternal waves are flowing,
Unending, boundless, infinite;
The drops of grief we here are knowing
Seem small when all things are complete.

A Mother's Look.

Years had passed since the wandering boy
Had bidden farewell to mother and home;
Farewell to childhood's blessing and joy,
In a foreign land to rest or roam.

Manhood was his with its care and strife,
Of struggle and strivings he had his share;
Thus many years had passed of his life,
Sojourning and resting here or there.

Memories blessed, tender with love,
So vivid at first grew dim with years;
Rubbed and effaced, as he struggled and strove,
Even awake as a dream it appears.

One night as he slept his memories woke,
And took him back to the home he had left—
Nothing had changed, he knew how it looked,
Of all things he knew his mother the best.

As often before with pains and care,
Preparing a meal she bade him sit down;
He, sullen and restless, refused to share,
Perhaps, as a boy, putting on a frown.

No word of upbraiding she uttered or spoke,
But a look from her heart of wounded love,
In the depths of his soul the silence it broke;
What it meant he couldn't fail to know.

It spoke of years of anxious thought,
Of toil and care that for him she bore,
Of sympathy lacking that she had sought,
Of patience, though often distressed sore.

How is it we often wound the love
That is greatest of all and dearest to us,
While that which is smallest, regard we show,
Though its absence would be to us little loss.

Is it not that we think a mother love
Can't die and depart, though wounded and torn;
We treat it thus lightly, because we know
With meekness and patience it will be borne.

Oh, wicked advantage taken full oft,
Thoughtlessly, perhaps, worse now and then;
But think not, oh never, it will be without cost,
The blow will rebound, it will wound you again.

The Writings of Sin.

I saw her first in her tender years,
Like a bud of promise ere blossom appears;
Her face was gentle and fair and mild,
As if it had been some angel child.

Her eyes were tender and calm and true,
Like heaven's deep and cloudless blue;
Through them we looked and saw within,
A soul untainted by passion and sin.

Like a gem from the boundless sea of love,
That sparkles before the throne above,
So pure and radiant, there she stood,
In the image of him who made all things good.

But times have changed, and years are past,
The child had grown to a woman at last;
Our ways had parted, but now as then,
I saw that face and form again.

But how is the face I now behold?
Did not the bud its flower unfold?
No, sad and sorrowful is the sight,
For here is no trace of love and light.

The eyes that meet me are hard and cold,
And across the face, in character bold,
Has sin engraven her fearful mark;
The lovely face, oh now, how dark!

And here again unmistakable sign
 I see of a fretful and peevish mind;
 And how distorted the features fair—
 Unholy passions have ruled there.

The lesson now learn, ye children, beware,
 That evil do not your hearts ensnare;
 Lest sin and passion mar and deface,
 The soul that God made good by his grace.

The Borderland.

He stood in pensive mood
 Outside the charmed circle ;
 The circle that is circling round and round,
 Like a whirlpool rushing down and down,
 Where those that are lost are never found;
 Thoughtful he stood and gazed.

The tempter suggested a certain thought,
 And curiously he imagined,
 A breach being made, they came like a throng,
 Thoughts and imaginings, temptings to wrong,
 The fascination grew fierce and strong;
 Spellbound he stood and gazed.

Like victim who unconsciously,
 Drinks the poisoned cup,
 So drinks he in till sick and ill,
 Both soul and body feels the chill,
 And weak and faint grows heart and will,
 Enthralled by the gaze.

What chances for escape
 Now from the deadly snare;
 Could conscience him rouse by an effort of might,

And stir his soul to a desperate fight,
 To flee like a bird from the serpent's sight,
 And break the snare asunder.

Or might some providence kind
 Intervene in his behalf;
 Should a flash of lightning come along,
 And make him see and feel the wrong,
 Yet if the snare was still too strong,
 Or he too weak to break it.

Beware of the thought and wish,
 That enthralls the heart and soul;
 Keep away from the borderland of sin,
 Do not desire to gaze and look in,
 Or imagine what you there may win;
 Keep the door of thy heart.

The Mermaid.

Wild the waves are dashing
 'Gainst the rocky shore,
 Coming in a-crashing,
 Tumbling o'er and o'er.
 But the rocks serene,
 Towering high above,
 Mock the angry scene
 At their feet below.

Fierce the storms of life
 Roar about the soul,
 Waves of grief and strife
 Up around it roll;
 But the soul secure
 In the Rock above,
 Patiently endure,
 Strong through faith and love.

Out where foaming billows,
 Towering up so high
As to overwhelm us
 If we should draw nigh;
On the ocean wide
 See the faithful bark,
Striving 'gainst the tide
 Through the waters dark.

Wind and storm increasing,
 Tossing high the wave,
Plowing up unceasing,
 Deep the watery grave;
Faith so firm and steady,
 Guides the bark aright,
Hope, so bright and ready,
 Sees the distant light.

Courage never failing,
 Prow against the tide,
To the haven sailing,
 Forward still we glide;
Storms and wind and wave,
 Tossed night and day,
We the danger brave,
 Pressing on our way.

But the storm decreasing,
 Soon the tempest rest,
And the wind is ceasing,
 We with peace are blest;
Quiet now we glide,
 Sea so calm and still,
Going with the tide,
 Joy our bosom fill.

Fear no more alarmed,
 Danger now is o'er,
And the landscape charmed,
 We are near the shore;

There the birds are singing,
And the flowers gay,
Notes of joy are ringing,
All the sunny day.

Happiness is wooing.
Charming heart and hand,
And the eye is roving,
Looking into land;
Suddenly arrested,
Staring strangely bright,
And the heart enlisted,
By a novel sight.

Where the waves are splashing,
In amongst the rocks,
Some bright form is flashing,
Strangely it looks;
Shy, yet fascinated,
Sailor curiously gaze,
Flushed and elated,
Yet with troubled face.

Sailor, thou not knowing,
Looking from thy bark,
'Tis a mermaid showing,
Now a song—oh hark!
Blithe and full of longing
Is the melody;
Tender overcoming,
Full of phantasy.

Passionate with yearning,
Full of fire and love,
How the heart is burning,
How the soul it move;
How the tender pleading
Through thy bosom thrill,
And while thou art heeding,
Stealing strength and will.

Sailor thou didst brave
Storm and tempest dark,
When both wind and wave,
Was against thy bark;
Now again awaken
And unfurl thy sail,
Lest thy bark be taken,
And thy voyage fail.

Hidden rocks, oh stranger,
All along the coast,
Threaten thee with danger,
And thou soon art lost;
For the song is drawing
Thee towards the strand,
Soon, without thy knowing,
Thou art wrecked on land.

Many who defied
Wind and wave and storm
Were, alas, betrayed
By a sensuous form.
Would'st thou for a while
With the tempter play,
Soon she thee beguile,
And thy virtue slay.

Many who endured
Life's tempestuous sea
Were from duty lured
By a tender plea.
Though no fear alarmed,
Yet again beware,
For the tempter charmed
By the hidden snare.

Mutations of Time.

Beneath the leafy crown,
Upon the grassy ground,
She stood in mute abstraction,
Enrapt by some attraction,
Half real yet but seeming,
Awake and still a-dreaming,
Scarce touched by care or strife
From the shadowy side of life.

Just like an opening flower,
That feels the inborn power,
In doubt what it may mean,
It blushes to be seen;
With heart and face aglow,
While feelings ebb or flow,
And some indefinite longing
A-going and a-coming.

Now, to the leafy top
Her eyes are lifted up,
Some fancy now a-playing
A picture is portraying;
The inward mind beholding,
Some vision fair unfolding,
So full of love and beauty,
With little thought of duty.

But, spring-time with its pleasure,
Its beauty and its leisure,
Alas, too soon was past,
And summer came at last,
With heat and toil and care,
And autumn, too, was there,
At last the winter dreary,
When life grows sad and weary.

Out on the barren heather,
 Where everything must wither,
 Where bird is never singing,
 No note of joy is ringing,
 No flowers there unfold,
 No beauty we behold,
 But cold the wind there blowed,
 The sand around it strewed.

On life's cold, barren plain,
 Suggestive but of pain,
 We see a woman aged,
 Whose face and form has faded—
 No beauty nor attraction,
 No fanciful abstraction,
 The dream of youth is ended,
 No charm to life it lended.

No charm of joy is smiling,
 No fancy is beguiling—
 When youth and beauty left,
 Of love she was bereft.
 The vision now has vanished,
 For Hope away is banished,
 How harsh and stern and real
 The life without ideal.

Life's Autumn.

Is life's fair summer ending?
 And, looking to the west,
 The sun is fast descending,
 Or, little up at best;
 The shadow steady lengthen
 That on thy path is cast,
 And evermore extending
 Far back into the past.

Is Hope's bright, smiling vision,
Now faint and fading fast,
Youth's restless, strong ambition,
A thing but of the past;
Have spring-time's flowers of beauty;
Too, withered in their turn;
Remains but solemn duty,
Forever harsh and stern.

Soon past earth's fairest flowers,
And withered out of sight,
Soon past earth's rarest bowers,
Devoid of life and light;
So fresh and fair and blooming,
So strong and free and bold,
Alas, the winter's coming,
And soon how dead and cold.

The tide is ever flowing
That carry all away,
The wind is ever blowing
That wither and decay;
Life's brightest, fairest vision
Of love and hope and joy
Is like an apparition—
Is seen and passes by.

Alas, if there were given
To us no other spring,
No hope from God and heaven,
Oh death, how sharp thy sting;
If spiritual flowers,
Of love and hope and joy,
Had not reviving power
To blossom by and by.

No, let earth's flowers languish,
Their beauty fade and fail,
Love, hope and joy all vanish,
No more to me avail;

Remains but solemn duty,
 Be welcome to the last;
 With thee shall flowers of beauty
 Again grow from the past.

No more to fail or flourish
 Amid earth's strife and fears,
 Of bitter springs be nourished
 Down in a vale of tears.
 The bright, immortal flowers,
 Of beauty, love and joy,
 Shall grow in God's own bowers,
 There blossom by and by.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

NEW VERSION.

Their eyes had met, they had thought the same thought,
 Their hearts had warmed,
 Or, been alarmed,
 As hope or fear would ebb and flow.
 He, practical and shy,
 Did not see why
 He should send a friend or write a letter;
 Uncertainty him nettled,
 He wanted it settled,
 So he did what he could in a style of his own.
 "He should not," you say;
 It's his natural way,
 And custom should leave to nature some play.
 But, she thought it tame,
 That it would be a shame
 To yield herself an easy conquest
 So thought her friends,
 Each her counsel lends,
 Saying, he must be humbled to see his fault.

Till he, at your feet,
 Bow as it is meet;
 Withold the yes you would willingly speak.
 You have more than one beau,
 And clever ones, too,
 It will do him good to get jealous and mad.
 He must be teased,
 Rather than pleased.
 Entertain his rivals and break him all down,
 Though he looks askance,
 We want some romance,
 And all else that is dear to a girl;
 Some sensations
 And consternations,
 uspense and scenes, tableaux and shows.
 Let him take his place
 And join in the race,
 Be cheeky and skillful to keep ahead.
 If he won't be left,
 Let him do like the rest,
 Vie with them in compliments, graces and gifts.
 But, you wouldn't him lose,
 Well, then you must choose
 To increase your blandishments and keep him suspended.

This game was played,
 For a long time tried,
 Till patience and skill were both exhausted.
 The poison to cure
 Was thought very sure,
 But failed to act the way it was thought.
 His soul rebelled,
 And he was repelled,
 Fell back on his pride in doubtful mood.
 He had heart and sense,
 And feelings intense,
 Had soul and sentiment more than all;

But it was hidden,
In honor forbidden
The profanation of public show.
To join in a race,
And distracted craze,
To vie with others in clownish display;
Not even to know
What would be his show,
Yet, play the fool's game in sight of all.
His soul rebelled,
Would not be compelled,
He left the game for others to play.
Though for his love zealous,
For his honor more jealous,
Relinquishing one to save the other.
The girl felt teased,
Was angry, displeased,
She failed to see his view of the case.
To serve him right
In a fit of spite
She married some one she loved less.
And thus, alas,
For lack of brass,
He failed to keep what he had fairly won.
Brass would have told,
But the pure gold
Of his heart and soul she flung aside.

This Cry or That.

Once a fountain, flowing lightly,
Gladsome, gayly, beaming brightly;
Flowing o'er the thirsty ground,
Giving life to all around.

Gladsome in her joyous duty,
 Trees of fruit and flowers of beauty
 Grew along its tiny stream,
 Fair and fruitful like a dream.

But, one day, an evil spirit
 Said, this is beneath thy merit;
 Here thy life is dull and tame,
 Never changing, e'er the same.

See how fast the trees are growing,
 And the stream how gayly flowing;
 Leave this poor, this lonely place,
 And attend them in their race.

Occupy a higher station,
 For on thee depends the nation;
 Tend the stream afar and near,
 Be thou busy here and there.

So she yielded to this temptation,
 Left to take a higher station;
 And direct the flowing stream,
 But it vanished like a dream.

And the flowers were soon a-pining,
 And the trees began declining;
 Where a garden fair had been
 Now a desert might be seen.

* * * * *

Once the woman had a mission,
 Here is the cry of her ambition,
 "Give me children or I die,"
 And her glory was her boy.

"Give us children," saith the nation,
 All we want for our salvation;
 Children that are true and pure,
 That will all our troubles cure.

But how changed is the condition,
 Here is the cry of their ambition,
 Shouted far and sounding nigh,
 "Give us suffrage, or we die.

"Give us place and power and station
 To control and run the nation;
 'Tis our motto and our cry,
 Let us vote, or else we die."

And they die, oh consolation!
 That's their natural condemnation;
 Only those that children give
 Will through them both reign and live.

Where the last cry is ascending,
 There the first is well nigh ending.
 But whoever rules the home,
 Rules and reigns for time to come.

Power is lost by mere defiance
 And a stubborn self-reliance;
 Only through a nobler grace
 Do we gain a higher place.

While they lose of womanly sweetness,
 Naught they gain of manly greatness;
 Face and form grows pert and bold,
 Gainin σ brass and losin σ gold.

Learning to Walk.

"Yes, oh Lord, I will walk with thee
 Thou alone my Guide shall be."
 So he saith in early youth,
 Meant that it should be the truth.
 And the Lord him saw and loveth,
 As before him there he boweth,
 Saw him, yes, and did him know,
 Better than his words could show.

Saw and understood the whole
Of his zealous heart and soul;
Knew what worth, what work and place,
Might be his by heavenly grace.
On him he his hand did lay,
For to train him in the way,
That for him was fit and good,
As the Lord it understood.

Gently, like a father then,
He the training did begin,
So that he might walk the way,
Without worldly aid or stay,
Without this or that for prop
To support and keep him up;
Might be free to walk alone
With his God as he was prone.

Patiently, through years and years,
Not without both fears and tears,
Here a bruise and there a fall,
He him helped through it all.
Lead him onward, on and on,
Fights were fought and battles won;
Not without both work and worry,
Sometimes sad and sometimes sorry.

For withal in this respect
We may not our friend except,
From the nature that in all,
Fails and falter and will fall;
Without this or that condition,
Hopes or prospects, some ambition,
Founded on esteem or place,
Prizes in a worldly race.

For although we may confess,
Goodness is alone success,
Nothing noble but the mind,
Vanity all else we find,

Great alone the human soul,
Glorious only is the goal
Of a spiritual race,
That within the soul takes place.

Yet the heart its tendrils fling,
All around the world and cling,
For support, for strength and grace,
To the things of time and place;
And our friend was no exception,
Not at once he gained perfection;
From his crutches, one by one,
Was he weaned, till all were gone.

Then he turned to the Lord,
Said: "thou canst me help afford,
Where wilt thou me send to go,
What wilt thou me have to do;
May I then my mission see,
How to work and what to be,
Here I am to do thy will."
But the answer was, "be still.

"Fight the fight where glory lures
Write in granite that endures;
Blow the trumpet loud and shrill,
That through soul and heart will thrill:
Work that has the world's reward,
That to do all may afford,
Such for other hands and heart,
Thou hast thine appointed part.

"What to do—just follow me,
Humble to thy walk shall be,
Nothing that the world can give,
Dost thou need to make thee live.
For the just shall live by faith,
As the Word aforetime saith;
Show the world thou canst afford
To serve me without her reward.

"Have the patience that endures,
 Have the heart that naught allures
 What to be that all may see,
 Nothing but to follow me;
 Thus to fill the humblest place,
 Takes the highest, heavenly grace,
 Thou hast learned through years and years,
 But 'tis worth thy toil and tears."

The Unknown Great.

Walk thy own way,
 Keep thy own path.
 If others have got the smooth way,
 And in the race do pass thee by,
 Coming along in splendid array,
 Without let or hindrance, stop or stay;
 Let not the glare dazzle thy sight,
 Try not to imitate their flight,
 Be content to do and endure,
 If only thou makest thy progress sure.

It is to all equally given,
 To make our way the way to heaven;
 Is this thy way—then patience, soul,
 Take time, away the stumbling-blocks roll,
 And make thy footsteps safe and sure,
 If plodding on unknown and obscure;
 Each step of the way is worth its pain,
 And the care to make thy path plain,
 And all the toil, if toil it be,
 Till finally thou the end shall see.

Fret not if others soar
 On eagle's wing or like tempest roar,
 Forcing their way by might and main,
 The barriers break, the prices gain;

If thou hast not their daring and might,
Thou mayest have the power to do right,
This of powers is the greatest of all,
Others too often grow feeble and fall;
May be broken, be snared and taken,
May be buried and never awaken;
But this at least need never fail,
By that thou mayest ever prevail;
Then courage heart be this thy strength,
And thou mayest win the race at length.

Fill thy own place,
Play thy own part,
Covet not what another have got,
Envy none their place or lot.
Some may overcome circumstances,
And form them into glorious chances,
Which they seize with courage and skill,
Subduing conditions to their will;
Out of obscurity gain a name,
From unknown mounts to heights of fame.
Or, boldly challenge fortune and fate,
And gain their smile by love or hate,
Wrong or right, they must prevail,
Perhaps having not the courage to fail.

True, there are places for men of might,
If for truth and justice be their fight;
But 'tis a saying, more than witty,
"Greater than he who taketh a city."
Yea, greater than he is many a one
Who fought perhaps, and all alone,
With none to applaud, and none to admire,
Where blast of trumpet did not inspire;
Fought alone some monster of wrong.
Entrenched by custom, popular, strong,
Fighting, perhaps, while others would hide,
Whose duty it was to stem the tide;
Bravely trying to stand in the breach,

While others skulked, kept out of reach;
Fighting the battles of those who sneer,
And mock their efforts, rather than cheer,
Or, basely before the monster fawn,
And laugh or cry as he smile or frown.

Yea greater, again, are not a few
Whose triumph, perhaps, we never saw;
Who bravely fought the battle of life,
To whom the world did yield no price.
Having, perhaps, the courage to fail,
Because with right they couldn't prevail.
Would rather with truth be crushed to the ground,
Than without truth be foremost found.
And now and then a name we trace,
Of some who might have won the race;
But then they had a thought for others,
And stopped to help some fallen brothers.
And others who fought the wild desire,
That worldly fame and lust inspire,
When darkly the waves would o'er them roll,
They left the cargo and saved the soul.
And others who stood on the tossed bark,
Through days and years, both cold and dark,
Beat back the waves of discontent,
And frettings of life so seemingly spent
In idle monotonous toil and strife,
And never above the level of life.
But ah, they learned the songs of night,
And patience to wait for the dawning bright,
Subduing the tempest within their heart,
And bidding the fond desires depart.
Their brows are marked with battles fought;
And glows, as now and again I have thought,
With lustre of some invisible crown,
Of victory won and peace they have found.

Heaven.

We love to think of the golden street,
 And the pearly gates ajar,
 Eternal homes where loved ones meet,
 And glory anear and afar.

Of joys without shadow of pain or grief,
 Of tears that are wiped away,
 Of burdened hearts that find relief,
 Where fears no longer annoy.

But more than all to ponder I love
 The promise and sure decree,
 That in that home of glory above,
 The people "all righteous" shall be.

Ah, gold the purest, and glory best,
 All righteous without and within;
 Surety, surest that we are blest,
 Without fear or love of sin.

No longer to seek among the dross,
 For a grain of purest gold;
 The worthless glitter deceive not us,
 No such shall be there we are told.

The Phantom.

No! no wild or wanton race
 Would I run, oh Hope with thee,
 Not thy fleeting shadow chase
 Though thou yonder beckon me.
 For full well I know thy phantom,
 Thou wouldest neither stop nor stay,
 And I would not run at random,
 Lured on an unknown way.

For thy smile is but a snare,
 And the jewel in thy hand,
 Should I snatch it ere aware,
 No, it would be naught but sand.
 For thy promise is but teasing
 To incite the fitful heart,
 And thy efforts thus unceasing,
 Would not make me stir or start.

Vain, oh vain, all fret and flurry,
 Wishing for a magic wand,
 Fierce desires, haste and hurry,
 Eager eyes and grasping hand.
 Heaven holds her gifts secure,
 And they are not snatched away;
 Work and wait, do right, endure,
 Thou shalt have them by and by.

By and by thy work is weighed,
 By a hand that erred not,
 What desired, what obeyed,
 All remembered, naught forgot.
 Eager wouldst thou crave thy share,
 Like unto the younger son;
 It is in thy Father's care,
 Safe with the unerring One.

Out of the Depths.

Out of the depths have I cried to thee,
 And sank while crying:
 Dost thou hearken, Lord, to me,
 My prayer denying.
 Vainly struggling to gain the light,
 But darkness is round me;
 Looking for morning, but it is night,
 And fear hath found me;

Thinking myself on settled ground,
 And sure foundation;
 Deeper than ever I me found
 In desolation;
 Hoping at last the tempest over,
 And calm ensuing;
 All thy waves and billows me cover,
 My strength subduing.
 "Wilt thou cast off, oh Lord, forever,
 And show no favor;
 Wilt thou thy mercy grant us never,
 Is there no Savior;
 Shall thus thy promises all fail me,
 While troubled sore;
 Thy loving kindness naught avail me,
 Forevermore."

"Cease, oh child, thy anguish,
 Calm thy fitful fear,
 Let thy sorrow vanish,
 Wipe away the tear;
 For if thou wert lower
 Than has ever been,
 Should the waves thee cover
 Out of sight of men;
 Though deeper than aware,
 And greater thy alarms,
 Yet underneath thee are
 The everlasting arms."

A Prayer.

Father, lift me up to thee,
 Nearer, nearer, nearer,
 Away from the life that from vanity borrow,
 Away from a world that sports with its sorrow,
 Away from joys that have no to-morrow;

May my soul, oh Lord, be blest,
As though thou hath given it rest.

Father, lift me up to thee,
Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Away from mirth that only saddens,
Away from fun that never gladdens,
Away from a clownish world that maddens;
Thy peace, Lord, is a treasure,
Save me from the fool's pleasure.

Aspirations.

"Oh, for a voice," the convert cried,
"To speak for him who for me died;
Oh, for the passion of a soul,
From which the words like fire might roll;
Oh, for the kindling of a flame,
To scorch and wither sin and shame;
Here am I, Lord, and oh send me."
"Be it even so," answered he.

"I have right many that can preach,
And all may hear whom words can reach;
But ears are dull and hearts are slow,
Not willing at the truth to bow;
Like children, scorn what they are told,
But object-lessons clear and bold,
By way of good example might,
Their imitation gain by sight.

"Look, yonder scramblers after gold,
And care-worn triflers here behold;
Arise, I send you right along
To walk among this heedless throng;

The way of poverty to go,
There show content, and patience, too,
That thou mayest teach the temper mild,
And spirit of a heavenly child.

“Behold, I lead thee through the fire,
And past temptation’s fond desire;
That thou mayest show the inborn power
That keeps thee in the trying hour,
And here, I take this prop away,
Nay, falter not, I with thee stay;
But show that faith, though earth may fall,
Has power to keep in spite of all.

“Next, see this vale of scoff and scorn,
I will lead thee through, alone, forlorn,
The multitude will jest and jeer,
But show that Christ hath power to cheer.
Despise the lust of pride and fame,
And popularity of name,
And keep the pathway straight and plain,
Though all the world should cry how vain.”

But oh, how long the weary way,
And oh, how oft the pilgrims cry,
When humbly he the Lord did ask,
To free him from the weary task,
To preach from life and teach by acts,
That Gospel truths indeed are facts.
But gently answered him the Lord:
“Thus dost thou preach the Living Word.”

The Crown.

I saw him in the morning,
 With flushed cheek and brow.
In youthful fervor scorning
 The valley down below;
A nobler, proud ambition,
 Him spurred on apace,
To taste the sweet fruition,
 As winner in the race.

And Hope him onward cheered
 To play the victor's part,
There soon to him appeared,
 What thrilled mind and heart;
A crown before him gleamed,
 And Genius held that crown,
So fair to him it seemed,
 As any to be found.

Both wealth and high position
 Stood waiting by the crown,
And glory like a vision
 Encircled it around.
With haste he was approaching,
 And soon his hand to rise,
But while he yet was watching,
 Another took the prize.

A transient gloom now shaded
 His eager flushed face;
But soon the shadow faded,
 And he renews the race.
For Hope and Faith remained
 That still is urging on;
Some crown may be obtained,
 Some race may yet be won.

He thinks he sees it yonder,
A crown most fair and bright,
Of loveliness a wonder,
A crown of love and light.
And Joy and Beauty stayed
To wreath the victor's brow,
"O crown of crowns" he cried,
"Who can a fairer show?"

But like a star it paled,
And vanished away,
His loss he now bewailed,
But long he did not stay.
Some hidden sense of duty
Him still is urging on,
Though fled is Joy and Beauty,
Some field may yet be won.

No restless proud ambition
Is stirring now his breast,
He sees no fairy vision,
His longing is for rest.
His step is slow and slower,
No race he seems to run,
No crown can he discover,
In silence he plods on.

No fancy him allure,
But faith he still has left,
And patience to endure,
Nor is of hope bereft.
For though the heart be weary,
There still be truth and light;
And though the road be dreary,
He knows it is the right.

He asks not what's his mission,
Or, what is to be won;
He heeds not the condition,
He hopes and follows on.

The end will once be gained,
And what may be his lot,
Or, what to be obtained,
He trusts and falters not.

And now he cross the river,
And leave the cumbrous clay;
His spirit bright as ever,
Is on the heavenly way.
Again he sees a vision,
And crowns are within view,
A fairer light has risen,
Than ever yet he knew.

To him the Lord of heaven
Saith, "Thou art faithful found."
And then to him was given,
Of all, the fairest crown;
The crown of self-denial,
Of patience to endure,
Of victory in trial,
And in temptation pure.

The Last Ditch.

Who does not wish in the battle of life,
For more than one line of fortification,
Lest if he is once beaten in the strife,
There is no retreat, no hope of restoration.

Thus if youth and beauty be lost,
Lost that fair field forevermore;
There may yet be much of which to boast,
And for which we will fight as fiercely as before.

Strength and manhood may yet be left,
With wealth and comfort and some pleasure;
Or, if we be of wealth bereft,
We say, "Let go, vain, worldly treasure."

And we fall back upon the boundless store,
Of the mind's resources, great beyond valuation;
And we fight harder than ever before,
For a share of the world's honor and reputation.

But if in this we fail and not equal prove,
To the test of a fierce competition;
We may yet have something to love,
Friends may comfort for loss in the field of ambition.

But one by one, friends fall off or die,
And Time, our foe, not pitiful or tender,
Presses us hard, and we lie
At his mercy and would fain surrender.

But Time, relentless, wants nothing of us,
Nor ceases till our last stronghold is taken;
No more reckoning now of gain or loss,
We feel the field must be by us forsaken.

So Time pushes us on over the brink of life,
Down into the dark mysterious forever;
Out of the last ditch, lost the strife,
Death and darkness from the world us sever.

What if through the deep, dark abyss,
We sink and sink, forever and ever,
Bottomless like despair, where we miss
The vantage of a far off hope, not there, no never.

When Time for battle sounds that last alarm,
And thou art from the field beaten and driven,
May open for thee the everlasting arms,
And the invincible stronghold, that is heaven.

A Sigh.

A sigh, from whence? from down the deep
Where scattered lies
The wreck of tempests, that sometimes did sweep,
And though the tumult dies,
Yet faint upheavels come as dreams in sleep.

Perhaps, the shadow, faint, and undefined ghost
Of fond regret for chances past;
Aforetime a choice, but now a must;
Or, broken dreams, dissolving fast,
Trampled on by coming cares, countless host.

Some sorrow past that now is covered down,
And hidden out of sight,
But yet with life to groan, although we frown,
Deny it air and light,
And flowers strew upon the burrying ground.

Unsolved doubts, perhaps unsolved best,
Yet coming up and pressing still,
To reach the goal of certainty and rest;
But lacking power of will,
To pierce beyond the dimness and the mist.

Some buried hope, not willing yet to die,
Though beaten hard and trampled down,
Refusing still to mingle with despair, and lie
Cold and stiff without a sound;
Though long ago, methinks, we parting, said good-bye.

A sigh, for what? for what we do not know,
The infant soul reach out to grasp,
With blind, instinctive yearning, longing, love;
Would to its own warm bosom clasp
The fairy visions, coming and returning from above.

A sigh, for what? our native land and place,
Like wanderer in foreign land,
Dim recollections prompt the undefined gaze,
So doth the spirit understand
It has a home and longs to feel its warm embrace.

The Dead Past.

Late at the midnight hour,
When the past haunts our dream;
When fancies o'er us hover,
And weird shadows gather and gleam.

Distant and dim recollections
Came from the far off past;
Spectres of thought and actions
Came thronging upon me fast.

Hopes, that had no hereafter;
Fears, that no longer I fear;
Joys, that are past with their laughter;
Griefs, that no longer are near.

Memories, ghost-like and dreary,
Drew around me their spell,
When I was tired and weary,
Sleepish in mind and will.

My spirit began to weaken,
My heart began to sigh,
My soul began to sicken,
But is roused as it drew nigh.

I rose, with a stubborn sense,
And broke the sickening spell;
I drove the spectres hence,
And said, " Why haunt ye me still?

“No ghost from the past may bury
 Itself within my heart;
 Dear once, never mind, go, hurry,
 And have your thoughts apart.”

The dead may bury their dead,
 Said Christ, “ But follow thou me,
 And feed on the Living Bread,
 For what is the dead to thee.”

The Atheist and his Child.

With bowed head a father sat beside
 The dying bed of his dear, only child,
 And well he knew what soon was to betide,
 Unable either to defend or shield.
 The messenger of Death was quickly coming,
 His hand was reaching for that form so frail,
 That days before was fresh and fair and blooming,
 But wasted now, so soon to fade and fail.

Alone he sat, amidst the shadows falling,
 His wife was dead, while passing to the Lord
 She taught the child, that God for her was calling,
 And spoke the comforts of his holy Word.
 Of meeting her in God's own holy heaven,
 Of guidance by a loving Father's hand,
 Of promises that he to us has given,
 Of love and hope, that death can never end.

A smile, though faintly, on her face was playing,
 And in her eyes a strange, inquiring look;
 She thought of what her mother had been saying,
 Of what is written in God's holy Book.
 And scarcely conscious of the things around her,
 Her mind absorbed now in thoughts intense;
 The angel coming, had already found her,
 Preparing her to leave, and take her hence.

But to the father, who in grief was sitting,
 Seemed nothing real but the coming end;
 No God for him, no hope of glorious meeting;
 The grave he saw, but nothing more beyond.
 And now he stood so near the swelling tide
 That was to bury his last treasure low,
 His hope, the last, he saw away must glide,
 No ray of light, how deep the darkness grew.

Then from the bed, the child's inquiring eyes
 Looked up into his dark, despondent face;
 And in the look there shone a heavenly ray
 Of love and hope and charms of heavenly grace.
 The father shrunk, as though an apparition
 Had looked into his dark, despairing heart,
 As though he saw some strange, mysterious vision
 That, with an impulse, made him shrink and start.

"Oh, tell me, father, tell me, is it true,
 What mamma told me of a life beyond,
 Devoid of sin, and all this earthly woe,
 Where love and hope and joy shall never end?
 Oh, will I go where she again shall meet me,
 And see her smile of joy and tender love;
 And will the angels, bright and shining, greet me,
 Shall I too be like them, and live above?"

"Or, shall I go where love and hope will vanish,
 To die forever, never more to be;
 Is Death so strong that he can all things banish,
 And shall I never more my mamma see?
 Is there no God, and no immortal spirit,
 That still shall live, although this body die.
 Is death then all the pure and good inherit,
 Are all these hopes and longings but a lie?"

"I feel so tired and sickness is so dreary,
 And yet, within my heart is full of life;
 Of love and joy I do not now grow weary,
 Though sick of earthly care and pain and strife.

Must die this love, this hope and joy within me,
This thought and feeling, now so strong and pure;
Or, is it thus that God himself would win me
Away from earth to life forevermore?"

And still the child's inquiring, earnest gaze,
Looked down into the inmost of his heart;
The tumult there, was seen upon his face,
A glow, a quiver, new light it doth impart.
A great upheaval of some deep emotion
From the recesses of his darkened soul,
A sudden stir upon a death-bound ocean—
Like mighty waves, it up and o'er him roll.

Like mountain stream, that long by winter's cold,
Is bound by ice, obstructed in its course.
But, now, with spring, new life and warmth behold,
The ice is burst, we see the hidden source;
The water now increase in volume fast.
Against obstruction, then, it comes a-rushing,
A while a tumult, not long resistance last,
It sweeps them by, its force all barriers crushing.

And so with him, whose heart and life exposed
To unbelief's cold, wintry withering blast,
Till life's pure springs and fountains all were frozed
And bound in cold and icy fetters fast,
But now a glow, a warmth of heavenly love,
And light and truth breaks up the gloomy spell,
Now, from the depth, love, faith and hope doth move,
And through his being sends a rapturous thrill.

And barriers, devised with skill and care,
Through years of doubt and gloomy broodings past,
Like spider's web are broken, ere aware,
And swept, like chaff before a sudden blast.
A glow of love is seen upon his face,
And faith and hope, now dwelling in his heart,
He kiss the child and says with Christian grace,
"Yes, we shall meet again though now we part."

The Mystery.

Go ask the wind that round thee blow
The secret of a soul's salvation,
While thought and feeling ebb or flow,
We see brought forth a new creation;
Some strange effect, and not of earth,
We feel the presence of a wonder—
The secret of a heavenly birth
Is what our hearts are made to ponder.

He was of earth, and earthly, too,
But now claims kinship with high heaven;
We know not how, but feel it so,
A higher life to him is given.
The wind, it blowed where it list,
Its "whence" or "whether" none discover;
And yet we know a soul is blest,
A strange influence round us hover.

A light the wicked hate to see
Has kindled new illumination;
And sin and shame rebuked be—
They flee before the revelation.
That God hath said, "Let there be light,"
With solemn awe I am concluding,
For over the Presence, calm and bright,
The Spirit now of God is brooding.

Angels' Visits.

First came the angel of zeal and might,
A crown upon his head,
He had been in many a battle for right,
And ever onward led;
His face was flushed with victory,
And beamed with glory heavenly,
He woke in me the melody
Of zeal for truth and right.

He swelled the note of indignation strong,
As though he stood in the breach,
In battle against all evil and wrong,
The victory within reach;
It found an echo within my heart,
And quick response to every part,
I felt the spirit quiver and start,
And fain his steps would follow.

Then came the angel of joy and love,
She looked me in the face,
And said, We all each other know,
Though far apart our place;
She sang of love that never died,
That in the fire as gold is tried,
That leaves the spirit satisfied
Forever, evermore.

She left, and left with me a look,
And where I stood alone
I understood, though neither spoke,
"That we may all be one."
And word and look, and tone and song,
Still through my soul their echo rang,
I knew it all to me belong,
Though hidden and concealed.

Then came an angel with solemn look
And melancholy face;
She looked at me but never spoke—
I felt her earnest gaze;
She seemed to look within the soul,
Beneath the surface waves that roll,
As though to measure out the whole
What deep or shallow lies.

Still, with her free and earnest gaze,
She seemed to know a brother;
And, as I looked her in the face,
We understood each other.
O depth of being, strong and free,
The hidden God-like mystery,
It still unfolds in harmony
As God the Spirit moves.

Then came the angel of hope so bright,
And touched me with her wing;
She bid me look towards the light,
And then did sweetly sing:
Of glory that beamed far beyond,
As higher and higher we ascend,
And brighter and brighter without end,
And so forevermore.

And then she winged her easy flight,
As when the eagle soars;
She lifted herself above earth's night,
Above the tempest's roar;
Within the song resounded still,
And through the bosom sent a thrill,
I knew I had the wish and will
To follow in the flight.

And then the angel of patience came,
She came, but not to leave;
Her humble place she still maintain,
And neither fret nor grieve.

She said: We know, but now in part,
The bars will break, and then shall start
All that is captive in the heart
'Till free and full fruition.

And what if we not now behold
The beauty and the power;
All that is there it must unfold—
The bud will have its flower;
And glory towards glory bend,
And hearts towards each other tend,
All that are pure and noble blend,
And make each other's heaven.

The Tramp.

Wandering up and wandering down,
Rest of home is nowhere found,
Naught to accomplish, naught to attain,
Nothing for object, nothing for aim.

Nothing to cherish, nothing to love,
Naught to expect, and naught to prove;
Nothing to comfort, nothing to cheer,
Little to hope and little to fear.

And yet he was given a heart to love,
A mind as well to think and know,
A soul that God had made divine,
And meant for life, for life sublime.

And hopes that might inspire to aim,
And powers that might the price obtain;
But now a wreck on a lifeless sea,
With nothing to do and nothing to be.

I used to see them, ragged and poor,
Wandering slowly from door to door—
The last I saw in a mansion grand,
'Midst wealth and honors he did stand.

He had been a wanderer on the earth,
Been drifting onward from his birth,
And, still, without a final aim,
Or goal, to which he would attain.

The past, so far, of his earthly race
Had been a wild and aimless craze;
No noble purpose could we trace,
But formless phantoms he did chase.

A heart he was given his God to love,
A mind as well that him might know;
A soul that God had made divine,
And meant it should in glory shine.

And hopes that might the soul inspire,
And powers to gain the great desire;
But now upon the earth he roam,
Without a God or final Home.

Ah, what will he do when the day is past,
And night is gathering round him fast,
And where will he be when darkness frown,
Neither home nor shelter to be found?

And what will he do in the deepest gloom,
When straight before him yawns the tomb;
No Father's hand to guide him there,
No Light, no Home, no Heaven near.

Through the Needle's Eye.

Man of riches, man of gold,
The world around is hungry and cold,
Thou sittest enthroned upon thy heap,
The many around thee toil and weep.
Thou reapest where others have sown,
And gathereth what others have strown,
And sayest in thine heart, "I shall have peace,
Be merry, soul, and take thine ease."

Still, thou wouldest worship and bow
Before the God of mercy and love,
Who, some dread day, will take thy breath,
And say unto thee, "Prepare for death."
Wherewithal shall I him meet,
And bow at the crucified feet;
What shall I give of this or that,
How often, how much, this or what.

Thou wouldest offer a splendid bribe
If God above thy name would inscribe:
Build a college, where, as it pleases,
Professors may pick the Bible to pieces
On a salary comfortable and good,
A matter that is understood,
Eliminating the "Thus saith the Lord,"
And what does not agree of his Word.

Will God accept a gift alone
Thrown to the poor, as to a dog a bone;
Forsooth thy very heart and life
Is with the poor in constant strife,
To get and keep them in thy coil,
To heap together by their toil—
Though they be fools, be thou no knave,
To take advantage and enslave.

Withhold the power thou hast to grasp,
 Draw back thy arm, thy hand unclasp;
 Be this thy zeal, thy earnest care,
 That all should have their rightful share.
 If thou before didst lose thy sleep
 In planning how to get and keep,
 Be it henceforth thy care to plan
 How best to help thy fellowman.

Give a gift—no, give thyself,
 Give thought and care not half thy pelf,
 Open for them thy heart's door,
 Bear their griefs, as Christ our's bore,
 Bear their burdens on thy mind,
 Help them both to seek and find;
 If, in doing thus, thy heap dwindles down,
 Be glad the needy more have found.

Disdain to gather by their toil,
 Much less to circumvent and foil
 Them in their efforts and their strife
 To gain and share the joys of life.
 When thus thy sympathy and zeal
 For others are both true and real,
 Then of God's mercies thou mayest boast,
 And bow before the Good and Just.

The Sacrifice.

She was not my ewe lamb, and none beside her,
 That drank of my cup and ate of my hand,
 But she was a gentle little creature,
 As anyone may understand.

Brought up with that pettish care,
 Common enough on a farm,
 Where the creatures will, in a measure, share
 The life of the farmer, and fear no harm.

One morning she was roped and made ready,
But not to go to the usual place,
Yet she followed me, calm and steady,
But looking inquiringly in my face.

What did I mean to take her yonder,
What could be my secret design,
Yet she did not dream of danger,
She never knew me other than kind.

She licked my hand with gentle grace
As I tied her to the post;
And some might have read in my face
And guessed what an effort it cost.

The axe was grasped, the blow was struck,
She gasped, and sank with a bewildering stare;
The eyes had almost a half-human look
That scarcely left in her dying glare.

But who will offer it thought or care
While at his cannibalistic feast,
It is only the cold meat for his share,
As though there were neither Gospel nor priest.

Yet, far away back in a dark age,
As some will say—it is now so light,
People were taught from the sacred page
That this heedless slaying is not right.

The solemn act of taking a life
Was shown as a sacrifice for sin,
The bloody work of axe and knife
Came only as sin entered in.

They were dedicated with solemn rite,
The sins were laid upon their head;
It's the innocent they dare to smite,
And for the guilty their blood was shed.

They were made to think of their sin and shame,
 The sacrifice that it must cost;
 They were made to feel their guilt and blame,
 As they stood before the bloody post.

The sacrifice that it must cost,
 Not to God's creatures alone,
 That God himself must pay the most,
 Sacrifice the holy, the only One.

The sacrifices they were taught in that age
 Looked forward to the great coming event;
 Have not the words of the sacred page
 For us the self-same intent?

Are we not reminded of guilt and blame,
 The whole creation groaning in pain,
 Waiting to be delivered from the same,
 That the great Atonement be not in vain?

Beatitudes With Commentaries.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, first of beatitudes we
 read,
 Blessed are the smart and cunning, so the world be-
 gins her creed,
 Blessed those who mourn, said Jesus, they with com-
 fort shall be blest;
 But the world answered gaily, take the first and leave
 the rest.
 Blessed are the meek, said Jesus, for they shall the
 earth inherit,
 It is owned, the world affirmed, mostly by the proud
 in spirit.
 Blessed those who thirst and hunger, hunger after
 righteousness,

Said the Lord, they shall be filled. Saith the world,
but, nevertheless,
Blessed those who thirst and hunger after riches, gold
and fame,
If, indeed, they have the cunning to be sharp and win
the same.
Blessed those who mercy showed, blessed are the
merciful,
Yea, for they obtained mercy, so of Jesus, we are told.
And the world answered proudly blessed are the bold
and strong,
Who can beat and bray his fellow, get the better right
or wrong.
Blessed are the pure, said Jesus, pure in heart shall
blessed be,
And the promise, rich and precious, is that they their
God shall see.
Blessed those whose outward polish gains the world's
approving bow;
For, said she, they are respected, none their heart and
soul will know.
Blessed those that make for peace, their's the kingdom
of our God,
But the world points to the pathway that the great
destroyers trod,
And exalts their fierce ambition, bless their cruel, de-
vouring sword,
Loud their base and selfish honor, praise their proud,
defying word.
Blessed those who strive and suffer for the true and
for the right;
Rather blessed, saith the worldling, if we leave it out
of sight.
Furl our sail before the breeze of the popular and
strong,
And inquire what the fashion has ordained to be
wrong.

“Be Ye Holy.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.
“No, anything but according to this word;
Yet, to be sure and reach the goal,
I would with my nearest and dearest part,
Give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul,
Sacrifice all but the carnal heart.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.
“But this does not with my mind accord;
Yet, I have zeal and love for the truth,
To prove its heights and depths intense,
I will slay opposers without pity or ruth,
Be to the heretics a pestilence.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.
“I could better anything else afford;
I would go to the desert and live in a cave,
This world so wicked I leave behind,
I would chastise my body my soul to save,
But leave me my heart and my carnal mind.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.
“What else do the sacred writers record?
Is it a matter of service, ceremony or rite,
Performance of work, or profession of faith,
Be it any of these, heavy or light,
I would do it with care, if thus he saith.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.
“No, and yet I would be for Zion aboard;
I will add to my service a holy show,
Future purgatory, present lamentation,
Pope and priest, with all that they know
Of penance and prayers for saints' mediation.”

“Be ye holy, for I am holy,” saith the Lord.

“There is a withering blast to my joy in that word,
But I live a quiet and peaceable life,
Do nothing particularly wrong or amiss,
I care for my child and love my wife,
And am iust about pleased with the world as it is.”

“Ye Shall Not Surely Die.”

“Ye shall not surely die;”

There is a mistake in the fearful notion,
Ye may freely eat of the tree,
It won't cause such awful commotion,
Ye will be wise, try and see,
I, a serpent, that cannot lie,
Do not believe ye will surely die;
Ye shall not surely die.

“Ye shall not surely die;”

There will be a second probation,
Another chance will be given,
And ye may gain the great salvation,
And go from there straight to heaven,
Where it will be so much nearer,
And the chance no dearer;
Ye shall not surely die.

“Ye shall not surely die;”

If probation fail there will be a restoration,
Ye will not be finally lost,
But get to heaven after the vacation,
And that at no great cost;
True, thus in going by way of hell
Ye may get scorched, but all will be well;
Ye shall not surely die.

“Ye shall not surely die;”

If restoration fail as well as probation,
 Yet a way of escape is provided,
 There will be a complete annihilation,
 So it has now been decided;
 And ye may well take your ease,
 Ye shall sleep in eternal peace;
 Ye shall not surely die.

“Ye shall not surely die;”

Not die and be damned forever,
 Not the never-dying death,
 The Lord is too good, doubt it never,
 There is saving grace in the latest breath;
 A priest and a prayer, one or more,
 Will open for you heaven's door;
 Ye shall not surely die.

“Ye shall not surely die;”

Those wise as the serpent knows it better,
 It does not with reason accord,
 It will not be according to the letter,
 The gracious Lord will take back his word,
 Or it will prove to be a lie;
 Eat of the tree, ye shall not die;
 Ye shall not surely die.

What a Spirit Said To The Churches.

Said a spirit to the churches:

All this work is too much for thee,
 Therefore, take thou counsel of me—
 'Tis thine to tell of the coming storm,
 Leave it to others to preach reform.

As to the work of benevolence,
With this thou mayest well dispense,
Seeing societies exist to this end,
That they may each other help and befriend.

Also, the work of temperance,
Thou mayest, with propriety and sense,
Leave to societies that are outside,
For the field is very great and wide.

Furthermore, and I am not sure
As to preaching, how we are made pure;
How it is done, and how we are made,
Had better be left to a special crusade.

Again, and not to be tedious, no, never,
As to the work of Christian endeavor,
If thou hast in thy mind to decline,
Others, doubtless, will work in that line.

When rid of all these things, my love,
To the work of providing fun and show,
Thou mayest all thy strength incline,
And it will all be needed in that line.

For the world must be entertained and amused,
Not, as formerly, scolded and abused;
It will need all thy energy and skill
To guild the cross and sweeten the pill.

The world's taste must not be offended,
Nor our real mission apprehended;
Oh, 'tis sweet the sinner to lure
With fun and deceit, to make him pure.

A grand work for God's church on earth,
The world to provide with fun and mirth;
While such like absorbs her earnest zeal,
The need of other agencies is true and real.

How is it that St. Paul so grandly got along,
 And the church was glorious and grew strong
 Without the aid of all this or that,
 Societies, secret, open, or what.

The Wolves.

How do the wolves howl, Lord,
 In sheepskin clothes all arrayed,
 They have gathered against thy holy Word,
 And those that have thy Word obeyed.
 To mention it we almost fear,
 Lest they scoff and grin and scowl;
 For whenever it doth appear
 Straightway they bark and howl;
 Fling at it the filth of their gibes and jest,
 Yet call themselves by thy name, Lord;
 They throw away some, and tear the rest,
 They trample upon it with one accord;
 Would fain break down the fence of the fold
 That they might the sheep destroy and scatter.
 With claw and teeth they have taken hold,
 And deem the task a little matter.
 But thou wilt keep it, safe and sure,
 With wisdom and with might defend it,
 Thy Word delights the upright and pure,
 And all whose heart and life befriend it.

Aforetime they came from Rome,
 The wolves that did it tear and plunder,
 But now we got them nearer home,
 Who love to tear thy Word asunder;
 Their kind is the same in every age,
 We know their voices by daylight or dark,
 'Tis the same fierce and impotent rage
 That continually at it growl and bark;

Their sheepskin clothes do not them hide—
 Poke them a little and then, forthwith,
 The false covering falls aside,
 And plainly we see both claws and teeth—
 To clamor with them there is no need,
 We just hurl at their heads a stone;
 The flock in the fold securely feed,
 With this we leave the pack alone.
 We have the assurance of our Lord
 That what is written perish not,
 With heaven and earth will stand his Word
 Nor fail a single tittle or jot.

The Tyrant.

Glorious land of liberty!
 Land of the brave, the bold and free,
 Kings and despots have felt thy might,
 Tyrants have quailed within thy sight,
 Many an evil and many a wrong
 Fell beneath thy arm so strong.
 One still linger, he is a king,
 And crowds of people his praises sing.

What is the name of the tyrant strong
 That swings so proudly his scepter of wrong,
 And wields it among the brave and free
 In a land of love for liberty?
 Do not the nation take alarm
 And try to stop the loss and harm?
 The efforts yet the power lack,
 His fetters and his yoke to break.

He taxes the people, the tyrant grim,
 As tyrant never before him;
 He robs the nation of untold wealth,
 He robs them of virtue, of strength and health,

And many a one he robs of all,
But, still, the nation endures his thrall;
She dare not yet resist his will,
But trembles before the tyrant still.

A mighty army to him belong,
In it he enlists both old and young;
He takes the father, the brother, the son,
And often he takes the only one;
To join his army he takes them away,
In spite of the mothers' tears and cry,
He heeds not the wife and children's lament,
He keeps them until their life is spent.

He nerves and strengthens the murderer's arm,
Incites to mischief and deeds of harm;
In accidents, too, he seldom lacks,
He hurls the trains from off their tracks.
But legislators and mighty men!
They tremble before the tyrant grim,
They bow before his scepter of wrong,
Or serve for hire among his throng.

The wrecks and ruins of the tyrant strong
Are strewn on his pathway all along.
Right and justice he tramples down,
And virtue and truth he casts to the ground.
He murders the precious souls as well,
And tumbles them over the brink of hell.
But priests and prophets! abashed, what?
They dare not say he is bad as that.

And still the scepter he proudly wields,
And still the nation before him yields;
A fortress has he in every town,
His temples of worship much abound;
And here his adherents are gathered strong,
A numerous army, a mighty throng,
Their admiration, their praises and songs,
It to King Alcohol all belongs.

The Dark Age.

The hosts of hell were quenching the last remaining
light,

And in their hearts rejoiced at the deep and darkening
night,

Savonarola racked, and John of Huss they burn,
The faithful Albigenes from house and home they turn;
And over plain and mountain, in places far and near,
Christ's little flock was driven, was scattered here and
there,

While popish hate and malice, with fire and naked sword,
Pursued, maimed, murdered whoever heard God's Word.
In dungeons foul and prisons, in torture-chambers dark,
Christ's faithful few lay bleeding—we hear their wail,
oh hark!

But no, their moans of anguish we may not hear nor tell,
Though fiends did gloat with pleasure when victims
they beheld.

Wherever truth appeared, wherever light had stood,
It was turned and overwhelmed in floods of tears and
blood;

Nor Christian truth alone, but truth of every kind,
Whatever tends to progress, ennobling human mind,
Was banished and forbidden, or smitten to the ground,
While pope and priest and tyrant stood guard to keep it
down.

Wherever truth would rise, though flickering the light,
The sword was ever ready to wipe it out of sight.

And down with ruthless fury was beaten liberty,
It crushed lay and vanquished by lawless tyranny.

As from the pit ascending, now devils manifold
In monstrous shapes appeared, went unrebuked and bold.
Now, murder and extortion, adultery and greed,
Were wares that sold for profit, so said the popish creed,
While lust with foul disease ate body, soul and heart,
And poisoned the fountains of life in every part.

The masses, stupid, gazed while pope and monk and
 priest
 Led on the vile carousal, all in the name of Christ.
 Thus, foul with every crime, and red with martyr's blood,
 She swept the fair creation like a devouring flood.
 Ah, in the book of time, from ages to our age,
 What other hand has written such a dark and bloody page.

Now changed, and yet the same, her purpose and intent,
 Although the style may differ, has yet the selfsame bent.
 She has embalmed her errors, no truth can work them
 harm,
 No light affects the mummy, no change disturbs the
 charm.

Whatever she lose in power she gains in craft and guile,
 If anger she arouses she stops and waits awhile.
 Now humble, like a lion crouching for his prey;
 Or meek when opposition the use of force deny.
 With ignorance as stronghold and prejudice as sword
 She keeps an even warfare with progress and God's Word.
 In sullen mood she struggles with liberty and light,
 Though vanquished, ever ready to start afresh the fight.
 Employing for her service ferocity and skill,
 Or, if in spite of these they make their progress still,
 She feigns a faint approval and smiles a sickly smile,
 Resorts to secret scheming, and only waits her while.
 If power avail to threaten, we have the traitor's kiss,
 Whene'er the power weakens, we hear the serpent's hiss.
 The Bible and its reader, if able, too, she burn,
 If not, perverts its teaching, its truth to falsehood turn.
 Puts on the mask of virtue, if that the fashion be,
 Or wallow in the mire if none object to see.
 Applauding now a bull-fight in Mexico or Spain,
 And here she sigh and murmur, the world is wicked—
 vain.

In bargains for salvation she keeps below the level,
 She sells God's peace for power and underbids the devil.
 For souls that would to heaven, but hate the narrow way,

She has an easy passage, its equal we deny,
 It is the fault since Adam, that men would fain get in,
 Would go to God and glory and take along their sin.
 She bids them leave this business and trust it to her
 power,

She has the key to heaven, can open any hour;
 And souls, of course, right willing to rid them of this care,
 Take kindly to the bargain and thank her for their share.
 For worship of the robes of pope, and monk, and priest,
 Some tribute and some show, they have their soul's
 request;

In barter for God's mercy she takes what she can get,
 But woe to those that dare her orders to neglect.
 Offense against God and heaven she easy can get over,
 But doubt her creed and power, her nature you discover;
 For smile and easy passage, you have her bitter frown,
 And though an angel, blameless, she would surely send
 you down.

Browbeating into silence the weak and fearing throng,
 With show and boast of power she claims to her belong;
 With threats of death and judgment, damnation and all
 evil,

Herself both judged and damned next to the very devil.
 Give thanks that human nature is better than her creed,
 Some practice than her teaching, else, liberty, take heed;
 Even those that call her mother, rein in and check the
 beast,

Lest she should tear and plunder, spurred on by pope and
 priest.

Thus firmly doth her children in Italy and Spain
 And every other place where fullgrown she remain;
 Lest, what there yet remained of liberty and light
 She tear and trample under, turn dayspring back to night.
 Their soul's salvation, boldly that trust they in her hands,
 But then to save their bodies they tie them fast with
 bands.

Their interests for time think safest in their own;
 But that of endless life they shift as we have shown,

And hope to ride to glory upon a beast of prey
 They dare not leave at large, but tremble for her sway.
 Thus strange the contradiction when fear and love of ease
 Are trembling in the balance and scared souls seek peace,
 When dread of death and judgment and hate of holy life
 Are warring with each other, thus strangely end the
 strife.

A mountain load of penance and show is gladly given,
 And reason, too, is bartered to gain a hope of heaven;
 But from God's holy presence the sinner ever fly,
 Would rather seek for shelter and trust a beast of prey.

The Emperor's New Clothes.

In a story of Andersen we are told
 How people once upon a time were sold
 By a tailor, who went to the emperor's court,
 And, boasting his skill, he told him in short,
 He could make him a suit, its merit should be
 That none who were foolish could the clothes see
 But only the wise, to them they appear.
 They would furnish a test at once, it was clear,
 By them the emperor could quickly discern
 And the merits of all around him learn.

So the clothes were made at a great expense;
 The emperor arrayed could neither feel nor sense
 That he anything wore, nor the clothes see,
 That I am stupid, said he, it must not be
 That it should be known, so he praised it,
 The glorious suit, its perfect fit.
 And so did the courtiers, one and all,
 They knew what would the luckless fellow befall
 Who should fail to see, and clearly believe,
 That what is praised of all should praise receive.

Now, also, a day was appointed, too,
 In which the emperor in state should go
 Throughout the city, his clothes to show,
 To see who were wise, the foolish know;
 Of course, the people had learned the fact
 And knew how the wise ought to act,
 Wherever the emperor appeared in town
 He was met with thundering applause all round;
 And all admired the glorious suit,
 To show themselves foolish they were too cute;
 Till at last a child in simple words spoke
 The truth, and then the spell was broke.

This story came to mind as I sat one day
 And saw, passing by in splendid array,
 A gorgeous show, a great procession,
 All boasting their high and grand profession;
 Some thrice illustrious, present and past,
 With titles as long as your breath will last,
 Nobility too, and royalty proud,
 Supremes and potentates, of them a whole crowd,
 Most worshipful masters, and grand high priest—
 I thought of our Master and High Priest, Christ—
 Twice past and present, stupendous, grand,
 And greatness too vast to understand;
 Thus clothed with pretense, with power and glory,
 Of goodness and greatness and honor hoary,
 They proudly invite the homage of all,
 And 'tis known what must the recreant befall.

The wise and honorable wink and are mute,
 To show themselves foolish they are too cute;
 Both priests and prophets, submissive, bow
 Right humbly before the hollow show;
 With numbers and wealth they take their stand,
 Are wise and yield to the popular demand.
 It would not be safe to cry, beware!
 Or show the skeleton naked and bare;

And who will deny the clothes are there,
While good men say it is right and fair.
So people admiringly praise and wonder,
And none dare say the clothes are a blunder;
They humbly accept what all believe,
Though none the glorious thing perceive,
The silly pretensions, blasphemy and folly,
The veriest child can understand wholly.

Casting Out Devils.

When Christ was here on his glorious mission,
He showed that this is a main condition
In saving from sin and its manifold evils—
To oppose, withstand and cast out devils.
His own example in this respect
Clearly shows what all may expect,
Who, as his servants faithful and true,
His work and vocation would do and pursue.
Wherever his labor and mission him brought,
The devils he always invariably fought;
In spreading the light, dispelling the doubt,
He never neglected the devils to rout,
Though foaming and tearing and gnashing their teeth,
And showing themselves as devils forthwith.
And when the disciples to labor he sent,
He always commanded, wherever they went,
When teaching and preaching, enlightening the heart,
They also must bid the devils depart.
When once, of envy, they Jesus besought,
One to rebuke, who the devils fought,
Because he was out of the common way
And did not as follower with them stay;
But Jesus responded, with quick decision,
To cast out devils proved his mission.
Is there not in this a lesson for us,
Are we exempt from that part of the cross?

A cross it is, and that without doubt,
 For never a devil went willingly out;
 But, foaming and crying and tearing about,
 Departing with rage and angry shout—
 The work wasn't pleasant, 'tis easy to see,
 But Jesus demanded, it thus must be.
 More easy to sit in the pew, we trow,
 And hear the discourse that harmlessly flow;
 No harmony here with luxurious ease,
 And the old, soft cry of peace, peace, peace.
 It easy might ruffle the splendid array,
 The gentle decorum and pleasant way
 In which the work must now be done,
 And often miscalled victories won.
 For oft while we shout, and say we are strong,
 We skulk, for we suffer the devils of wrong.
 We pray and we urge, we gently entreat,
 And show the sinners the doom they must meet,
 And how to find shelter against the storm
 We teach them the rule, profession and form;
 And, soon they perceive the bargain is fair,
 They say, we will just take refuge there;
 But ah, how often the work is vain,
 For undisturbed the devils remain.
 We would not annoy, or do them harm,
 Oh no, it would make such fuss and alarm;
 And we are commanded to live in peace,
 If this was attempted it soon would cease,
 For there would be foaming and gnashing and cry,
 And ain't it clear "they are here to stay."

If, after our modern application,
 Which doesn't discredit the true creation;
 We for a moment would call attention,
 And ask you some of the devils to mention.
 I know the first that would surely come,
 You would say, ah, it is the demon of rum;
 His name and nature we needn't prove,

He is painted so oft, we all him know,
His work we perceive and all can see
That he is as bad as bad can be.
For even the world at him will rail,
And say they can see both horns and tail.
I think it is often of Satan a ruse
To put him in front for all the abuse,
Old Beelzebub thinks he stands it so well,
He is used to it and fare not ill;
While ever on him in judgment we sit
The rest may work on and never be hit,
Yet no denying his terror and thrall,
In spite of the preaching we see not all;
Then spare no zeal, but ever as then,
Keep sharp your weapons and hit him again.
But others that are to work in the dark
Would make for your arrows as good a mark.
Who next to come, you all will guess,
The two together we never miss;
The imp that with him go hand in hand,
On their round of mischief throughout the land,
The stinking demon, companion fit,
That smells like the fumes from out the pit;
And many a one with him defiled
Who reckon and calls himself God's child.
Ah, spotless garment, pure and white,
The emblem of God's own glorious light,
Can it be dragged in the dirt, oh, say,
And then be fit for the bride's array?
But others there are, whose form and face
Have more the look of beauty and grace,
The gilded demons, how often they win
Where others and coarser could not come in.
With painted face and flattering speech
They lure the victims within their reach,
With all, they offer a gentle descent
To those who dislike to look at the end.
"Her feet," 'tis written, "takes hold of hell,"

But the beginning, some will say, looks well,
 See her reel in the merry dance
 With wanton motion and lustful glance;
 How lightly they sport with passion's fire,
 Break down the will, inflame desire.
 Theater, ballroom, the gorgeous rink,
 And other devices, wherewith they link
 The gentle beginning with the end,
 As lower and lower the steps descend.
 The church may furnish first step of the way
 With wanton and frivolous mirth and play;
 And thus the machinery is complete,
 To fire the passions, keep up the heat,
 Burn out what is modest and true and pure,
 And ever on to destruction lure.
 Fashion and custom remonstrance casts down,
 And fierce desires leap forth with a bound.
 What demons have risen from that fatal pit,
 And some enthroned in the nation sit.
 They work in the fancies of children and youth,
 And rob them of beauty, of virtue and truth.
 "What God hath joined" they do not heed,
 For love and faith put lust and greed.
 Love and desire for children they scorn,
 And murder the innocents ere they are born.
 There are devils of vanity, greed and pride,
 And others that here and there may hide,
 With fashion that courts them all, though devils,
 And custom which says they are no great evils.
 Who will, their ways and haunts may trace,
 And hunt them from their hiding-place.

Another devil demands attention,
 But we had better his name not mention;
 For, when he is questioned, then forthwith
 He raved and foamed and gnashed his teeth,
 Like those of old whom Christ cast out,
 Who went, but with tearing and angry shouts.

The light and the truth he knows to dodge,
 He haunts the dark in secret lodge,
 He works like a demon in courts and hall,
 And judgment he turns into wormwood and gall;
 With all the imps of his numerous brood
 Enough to suit each fancy and mood,
 He is coiled around both church and state,
 And ever hints of the dire fate
 That must the faithful witness befall
 Who dare to question his saintship at all;
 For he is a saint when let alone,
 But, if you provoke, he changes the tone;
 Like those of old, again, who cried,
 When Jesus, the Christ, their power defied:
 What have we to do—thou Holy One,
 To do with thee, just let us alone.

He mostly appears like an angel of light,
 And says his trade is to teach what is right;
 He keeps a school that by many is sought,
 Where sham and hypocrisy is taught.
 A factory too, if rightly we know,
 For dress of dupes and tinsel show.
 They have to run it with all their might,
 The demand is tremendous, day and night.
 A religion too, as well is known,
 It was made in the factory of his own.
 Both temples and altars, worship and priest,
 And all what else a soul may request.
 A heaven as well, where all must meet,
 And kindly they promise each other to greet.
 Yea, fully equipped, as may be seen,
 And yet he has never contented been.
 He has for religion a boundless greed,
 And joins with his own all forms of creed,
 Mohammedan, Mormon, Pagan or Jew,
 It is all the same if only we knew.
 The Christian church, as one of the many,

He thinks is about as good as any;
 And though so amply supplied, you see,
 A place in the church for him must be.
 For this is his stern decree, we know,
 And what is to do but welcome and bow;
 Who dare to question that he has grace,
 While fully able to pay for his place.

Though some good soul may look askance
 And shake his head with a knowing glance,
 As horns and hoof full oft protrude,
 He dare not say what he conclude;
 It would not do his wrath to awake,
 He might the church both tear and shake.
 And so they echo the same "peace, peace,"
 Let be, for this is Zion at ease.

Adventures of the Two Champions.

Right and Truth, with weapons bright, sallied forth one
 day;
 Together went, and well prepared, some giant wrong to
 slay.
 Yea, well prepared for battle hard—they knew the foe
 was strong;
 Entrenched it was, defended well, it was a popular
 wrong.
 Defended well by Custom's might, and passions strong
 and brave,
 Self-interest kept guard for it, and swore he would it
 save.
 Now Truth and Right were passing on the enemy to
 fight—
 Right had a sword, 'twas buckled on, and Truth, she had
 a light.
 "We conquer will, the monster slay, if he is not rein-
 forced,"

So Truth spoke forth, and Right replied, "If square the fight, he is worsted."

Now as they went, not coming far, a form they soon espied;
It stood so still and motionless as though it them defied.
"Who can it be," inquired Right, "We are on the
King's own ground."

Replied Truth, "It seems, indeed, it on our progress
frown."

But drawing near, it now appears a fair and gentle being.
Responded Right, "A goddess fair it is to my own
seeing."

"Peace be with thee," now greeted Right; "What is
with us thy mission?"

Answered she, "To make thee stay and foil thy cruel
ambition."

"But who art thou to hinder us; what is thy name, oh
stranger;

Dost thou not know to block our way may get thee into
danger?"

Answered she, "No fear have I, I am Charity by grace,
Handmaiden to the Bride of Christ, and chiefest in the
place.

For peace I came, and thou must stay, for here thy mis-
sion ended,

What ye call wrongs and would'st fight, I them protection
lended.

Thou judged art, who judged hard, deal gently then
with others;

Thy zeal is cruel, put back thy sword, and treat them as
thy brothers.

Thy fiery blood is up again for mischief and alarm,
So rash and harsh, canst thou not see ye do less good
than harm?

Those things, indeed, though mean they seem, yet viewed
in my light

Their guiltiness would dwindle down—quite vanish out
of sight.

The Church of God, the Bride of Christ, has sent me to
come over;
What sins and wrongs, though manifold, I with my
mantle cover."
Answered Right, indignant now, " How canst thy mantle
cover;
What never was repented of God never can pass over.
Those sins and wrongs that we would fight still in rebel-
lion raged,
Defiantly, with wrath and hate, they still their warfare
waged.
If thou wilt work, oh Charity, the cost thou must
provide,
(On our expense 'tis not allowed) and stand for wrong
beside.
But let me see credentials, that may thy mission prove."
A letter then she gave to them, and said, " Thou this
mayest know."
He scanned it, but could not see the fault it well might
hide,
It signed was in due form, " God's Church and Christ's
own Bride."
Then turned to Truth he handed it and said, " Thou look
it over,
If possibly thou with thy light the fraud may here
discover."
She said, " I see that forged are the signatures both,
It was written by Formality and Spiritual Sloth."
With purest light, then, clear and bright, she looked the
shape all over,
With gloomy frown said, quick as thought, " A sham
this garment cover;
The form is foul, and painted face, I verily conclude,
Not Charity, no, but she is those worldlings' prostitute."
Distorted now with rage and hate she showed her dis-
position;
But Right and Truth went on their way and left the
apparition.

Quote Truth to Right, "Would Charity we were indeed espying,
'Tis rare enough her form to see, the false is ever crying."

A little while now on their way, their purpose yet unaltered,
They walked on their foe to meet, and never once they faltered.

But soon, ahead, an object now came speedily in view,
With hasty steps he came along and towards them did go.
"Who can it be," observed Right, "that comes along o'er yonder,

A burly form, he shows concern, what new delay I wonder?"

Not long to wait; before them now he stood with friendly greeting,
And then he said, "With you and Truth I am so glad of meeting.

I quite perceive you know me well," and Public Opinion bowed,

"I meet you here to give advice, for all your object knewed.

'Tis spread abroad you have come to slay some of our institutions—

I will not say that you are wrong, but wrong your resolutions.

Take heed now, first to judge your strength against a foe so strong,

Defeat awaits your effort here, be it either right or wrong.

A tumult then and needless fuss you make with nothing gained,

While peace and quiet would remain if matters were not strained.

And, next in place, its presence here by many is enjoyed,
Though, we deplore, it would be missed if it should be destroyed.

It is the view of many here that it does good in measure;
To some it is a means of gain to others means of
pleasure.

Opinions thus by other folks should be by you respected,
That all should think and feel alike is not to be expected.
What I have said and stated now by reasons are en-
forced;

And witnesses, whose names are here, my statements
have endorsed."

Right heard with patience what was said, but now his
face was flushed,

And Truth stood by with downcast eyes, she dropped
her veil and blushed.

But Right answered, with calmness now, "To judge be
not in haste;

Our efforts here, our time and strength, will not be idle
waste.

No, pity not, for fighting is our nature and profession,
'Tis so with us, we either die or fight and take possession.
There are, you see, no chances here, our doom and fate are
fixed,

We fight or die, with false or wrong we never can be
mixed.

About the views of other folks, we quite deny their
right—

There's but one way to see a thing, it is in God's ow
light.

No matter what in this vile world should be by us ex-
pected,

'Tis clear to us, the false and wrong should never be
respected.

But let me see, on what, indeed, is your opinion founded,
The witnesses and otherwise, how is your statement
grounded?"

He took the scroll and read like this: "The bearer and
his mission

Endorsed is by Worldliness, by Lust and vain Ambition.
How our opinions founded are we clearly here have stated,

And not a jot of our demands will be by us abated.
 They rest upon self-interest with custom, passion, pride,
 On ignorance with prejudice and other ground beside."
 "Take this again," said Right to him, "It is thy own
 opinion,
 Though true it be, it founded is, thou base and servile
 minion.

And after this, beware, suspect, when to the selfish side
 Forever thy opinions lean, that something wrong they
 hide."

Thus spoken, he him turned about, but Public Opinion
 scowled,

And as they went to walk their way, still after them he
 growled.

Quote Right to Truth, "Expect we may that he our
 progress bother."

"It so must be, unless," said Truth, "we change him to
 another,

Yet never much improved he, he keeps the popular side,
 Though base and low, he would go with us if we could
 turn the tide."

Again they went the foe to meet with progress firm and
 steady,

Upon their guard with watchful eye for some new hin-
 drance ready.

Not long they had to look for it—now one appeared
 awaiting

Upon the road. They passed on, their progress not
 abating.

With steady look and firm the voice, Right greeted him
 with peace,

And he answered, with visage stern, and gentlemanly
 ease:

"I heard you were to come along," he said, with look
 severe,

"And I arranged, as best I might, to meet you now and
 here.

Your object, aim, all that concerns the purpose that you
boasted,

In all that may belong to it you'll find me fully posted.
But needless quite, and without cause, has been your
irritation,

Your angry words and purpose mad has caused just
vexation.

For, in your zeal and austere mood, you have miss-
apprehended

The matter that you boast to know; your way to evil
tended.

Too narrow quite, and faint your sight, so easily alarmed,
You see a monster of a wrong in that which never
harmed.

With skill and care, with potent search I have investigated
What you pretend to think so wrong and say it should
be hated.

Yea, more than that, experience to me has fully proved
That, as it stands, the thing you hate ought rather to be
loved.

Myself have tried, tested, seen, and know it never
harmed,

I came to show and prove there is no cause to be
alarmed.

But now, before I thus proceed to prove to you my
mission,

My right to teach, my claim to know, and, morally, my
vision,

Credentials I now bring forth, of which I am possessed,
To satisfy you with regard to what I have professed.

My name alone to you indeed would indicate the same,
Of nothing more you might have need. The Good Man
is my name.

I in the balance weighed was, and stood with approbation,
This fact is here subscribed to by Worldly Reputation.
Again, my vision, keen and clear, to search with true
intent,

That fact is here subscribed to by Popular Consent.

And now, if this is good and clear, and you are
satisfied,
I will go ahead with argument on which can be relied.
To prove to you, as just I said, your quite mistaken
notion,
That by mistake and without cause you have put your-
self in motion."
"But stop," said Right, "before you do, a flaw to me
occur;
And this we better first correct, then speak and we will
hear.
'Tis not our wont to judge of deeds by doers' reputation,
We judge of deeds by sense and sight and after due
probation;
And after that the doer judge by what his deeds may
merit,
With charity for such defects as nature may inherit.
So much for this; but as for thee, thy name and thy
probation,
Popularity we know full well and Worldly Reputation.
With due regard for all their worth their test is not
received;
Another standard we imply that God, the Judge, us
giveth.
And now, before in argument you show your skill and
might,
We must perceive and clearly see the premises are
right."
Now, Right produced the scales by which the Judge our
action weighed,
He stood on them but light as chaff flew up, and Right he
sighed.
Then turned to Truth, he said to her, "Thy light, so
true and pure,
His vision now may test and try, and we will make it
sure."
When done, she said, "He has eyes but no spiritual
vision;

He can see nothing in God's light, that is his sad condition."

"Perceivest thou," said Right to him, "what reason and what right

We might attach to judgment thus without God-given light.

No wonder, then, as blind thou art, canst see in sin no harm,

If danger all around thee stood thou would'st not take alarm."

He, angry, cried, "I see, I see, my faith I still retain."

"And, therefore," quoth Right to him, "thy blindness, too, remain."

Then on they went with saddened hearts, and Right said now to Truth:

"It seems to me that I have seen this fellow in my youth."

Answered Truth, "Indeed he is of ours an old acquaintance,

For oft before while on our way we passed on him sentence.

Both Pope and Pagan, Tyrant, too, he often has defended, When persecution raged worst his help he ever lended.

And first in Spain invented he the bloody inquisition,

The saints of God he slew full oft, them tortured in their prison.

And ever since his voice was heard and raised with approbation

For superstition, formalism and every abomination.

'Tis him who stood right in the breach when slavery we assailed,

And, but for him, full oft we might have easily prevailed.

Most obdurate of all is he, the deepest wrong concealing,

That to discern would only need a bit of human feeling.

And so again, when we against King Alcohol encamped,

It was the same that then was there, the hosts of sin commanded.

And so whene'er we go to fight those who in darkness
 lodge,
 He will be there to scowl and frown the light he is sure
 to dodge.
 It may remind us of God's Word, the sword that 'gainst
 him warred,
 What highly is esteemed of men the Lord, our God,
 abhorred.
 Yea, but for him who thus full oft the enemy has led,
 No doubt we at this time had been a century ahead."

The Halt.

I see the host of Israel encamped on the plain,
 Though, with the howling desert, its weariness and pain.
 Across the river Jordan they met the foe in fight,
 He lay before them vanquished by their God-given might.
 With hopes all bright and burning and flushed with
 victory,
 They cried, "God is with us, and what to fear have we;
 Up, forward, lead us onward," with courage now they
 shout,
 To take what God hath given and cast the heathen out.
 The land in wondrous beauty before their vision lies,
 And onward now they hastened with loud exultant cries.
 But how the stout heart melted, and how the courage fail,
 For Israel back is driven, defeat they now bewail.
 All trusting, firm and steady, they to the battle went,
 The enemy, though feeble, drove Israel to her tent.
 How is the progress stayed, who render can account
 That Israel is defeated and hear the heathen taunt.
 Was not God's plan and purpose repeated oft and clear,
 The land to them was given, mistake they cannot fear;
 And are they not his people and called for to fight,
 And have they not his promise that he will be their might;
 Has not their grand commander, the Joshua who of old
 Of God was foreordained, of God his work been told;

Was not there for this purpose a consecrated will,
 Did not the power and courage just now their bosom
 thrill;

Did not their sacrifices upon the altar burn,
 Did not they for direction to God's anointed turn,
 Is not their mission proven, are not they in the way,
 How is their courage broken, what doth their power defy

The host in consternation down in God's presence broke,
 To seek of him salvation, his mercy to invoke.

With prayer and supplication in anguish now they cry,
 E'en on his face did Joshua the saint of God now pray.

The fast and prayer prolonged, the sacrifices smoke,
 But to the real cause none in the camp awoke.

Ah, human way and nature, the hindrances within,
 We rather pass in silence, seek not the cause in sin.

Of prayers and forms and rites we make a substitute,
 Would fain take things for granted, against his Word
 conclude.

So Israel perplexed and down upon the face
 With zeal the cause was seeking, but never in its place.

Till God from out the heavens at last the silence broke,
 And now with just rebuke and indignation spoke,

"Why do ye on your faces thus howl and fret and cry,
 The Lord your God required something besides to pray;

'Tis not the lack of prayer, but unrebuked sin,

That is the real cause why Israel cannot win.

Up, then, cast out the sinner, cleanse out the sin and
 wrong,

If ever ye for battle would be prepared and strong."

Thus here at the beginning, just conscious of their might,
 Just seen how they might conquer and easy gain the fight;

God calls a halt all sudden to teach in solemn words
 A lesson which the faithful for us and all records.

But, ah, how soon forgotten, impressions quickly past,
 How sad the consequences was seen and felt at last.

But partial obedience, but part of victory,

The songs of triumph broken and faint the melody.
 They dally with their foes and sacrifice their right,
 The charm of heathen pleasures beguile and rob their
 might;

Though Israel found an entrance, the heathen still remain,
 To hinder and to worry the power they retain.

Now, with God's people mixing perpetual a snare,
 Of which the weak and faltering will never be aware,
 And wars with dire distress, with chances up and down,
 Now temporary triumph, again a-losing ground;
 At last the trial ended, now weighed, found too light,
 God ends the long probation and casts them out of sight.

I see along the ages the same repeated oft;
 God's consecrated nation, his chosen goodly host,
 A power from out the heavens, a purpose true and strong,
 Has put them into motion to push against the wrong.
 The fire, first burning brightly, and then we see it low,
 And soon beneath the ashes the embers faintly glow.
 Again, the trial ended, put out the flickering light,
 It serves not to illumine but to deceive the sight;
 God sees his patience wasted upon the lukewarm frown,
 He calls the false Mohammed to sweep the churches down.
 The light that yet remained a little longer last;
 But soon the darkness thicken and all involving fast.
 Yet, from the embers glowing beneath the ashes cold,
 A light again is kindled, a glimmer we behold,
 A new illumination now flashing keen and bright,
 The people for a season rejoiced in the light.
 Reform of reformation there soon is need again,
 The fire well nigh departed the ashes but remain.
 Again, the faithful Father calls out the faithful few,
 He tells them leave the worldlings and forth to rescue go;
 The fire is pure and holy, the sacrifices burn,
 But soon for easy triumphs the heart begins to yearn;
 The true and false are mixed — cold, flickering the light,
 The brightness that was dawning goes down in worldly
 night.

The tempter on the mountain calls up each church in turn,
 To gain the worldly kingdoms of him they quickly learn.
 They count their growing numbers, they estimate their
 might;
 The worldly kingdoms glitter and truth is out of sight,
 The faithful few of Sardis in garments white appear
 Amid a herd of worldlings that laugh and jest and jeer.

Sounds and Voices.

He walked along the steep and narrow ridge
 That here divide the land of death and life,
 Divide it here and spanned by a bridge,
 Beneath the flood of lifelike, deadly strife.

He caught a glimpse of the remote expanse
 That stretched away beyond the rolling wave,
 He swept the field in one momentous glance,
 And heard a voice that whispered, "struggle, strive."

He looked behind, down in the valley yawning,
 Through which the flood runs gloomy, cold and dark;
 And in the distance saw the struggling, drowning,
 The silent, rolling waves engulf the bark.

With silent steps he tread along the verge
 And looked into the narrow gulf of death,
 And evermore the low and solemn dirge
 And wailing voices heard from underneath.

He trod the narrow circle round and round,
 As oft before his steps a path hath made;
 His gaze was downward, fixed on the ground,
 His mood indifferent, neither glad nor sad.

A glow of light from out the boundless space,
 Came streaming down as from a glory crown;
 It lightened up the path before his face,
 And beaming bright, illumined all around.

"This light is bright," he said, "and too intense—
It dazzles me, I enter will my cave."
Therein he crept and looking out from thence—
"The light is past," he said, "it shelter gave."

For music now he tried to tune his lute,
But one by one the strings he tore and broke;
The music fled and soon entirely mute,
He threw it down, but neither cried nor spoke.

He sat alone and watched the birds a-singing,
When from the valley clouds and darkness rose;
He saw the birds in haste their way a-winging,
And said, "I will in shelter seek repose."

The storm and tempest soon the sky did cover,
He sat alone, in silence, mute and stern,
He said, "This tempest sometimes will pass over,
As many others each have done in turn."

The sky was cloudless, calm, with leaden hue,
And nothing broke the dull, monotonous spell;
He said, "We know not yet what may be due,
In darkness dwell no longer now I will."

He scraped together rubbish here and there,
And shavings, too, and then he made a fire;
"It will do," he said, "it looks quite bright and fair,
I'm feeling well, it fills my soul's desire."

And so he sat and mused, "I am safe,
Though not so bright as that supernal light."
And then he stooped, threw on some straw and chaff,
And said, "Aha, it shines now very bright."

But deep beneath the flood in silence flowing,
Now and anon was heard a distant wail,
And darker, too, the valley ever growing,
Gave back its echo like a death-like knell.

Our Old Minister.

His sun was setting, whose generous rays
Had spent themselves through numbered days,
Shedding the light,
And shining bright,
Dispelling for others their darkness and night,
Illumining many a wanderer's way,
And guiding those home who were astray.
Still, for his Master to spend and be spent
And living for others, he was content.

Years ago, in his noonday hour,
Distant cities had seen his power,
Where he, among
The surging throng,
Had stood as a tower and bulwark strong.
And people had there rejoiced in his light
For a season, while novelty in the sight;
But keen were his eyes, he looked within,
Laid bare the hidden, the loved sin.

Toil and labor him early has aged,
His days are past, his fashion faded;
And poor, we are told,
For thoughts of gold
Were crowded aside, when faithful and bold
He warned and pleaded with poor and rich;
Wielding his power, he stood in the breach,
As firm before a fashionable throng,
As steadfast against a popular wrong.

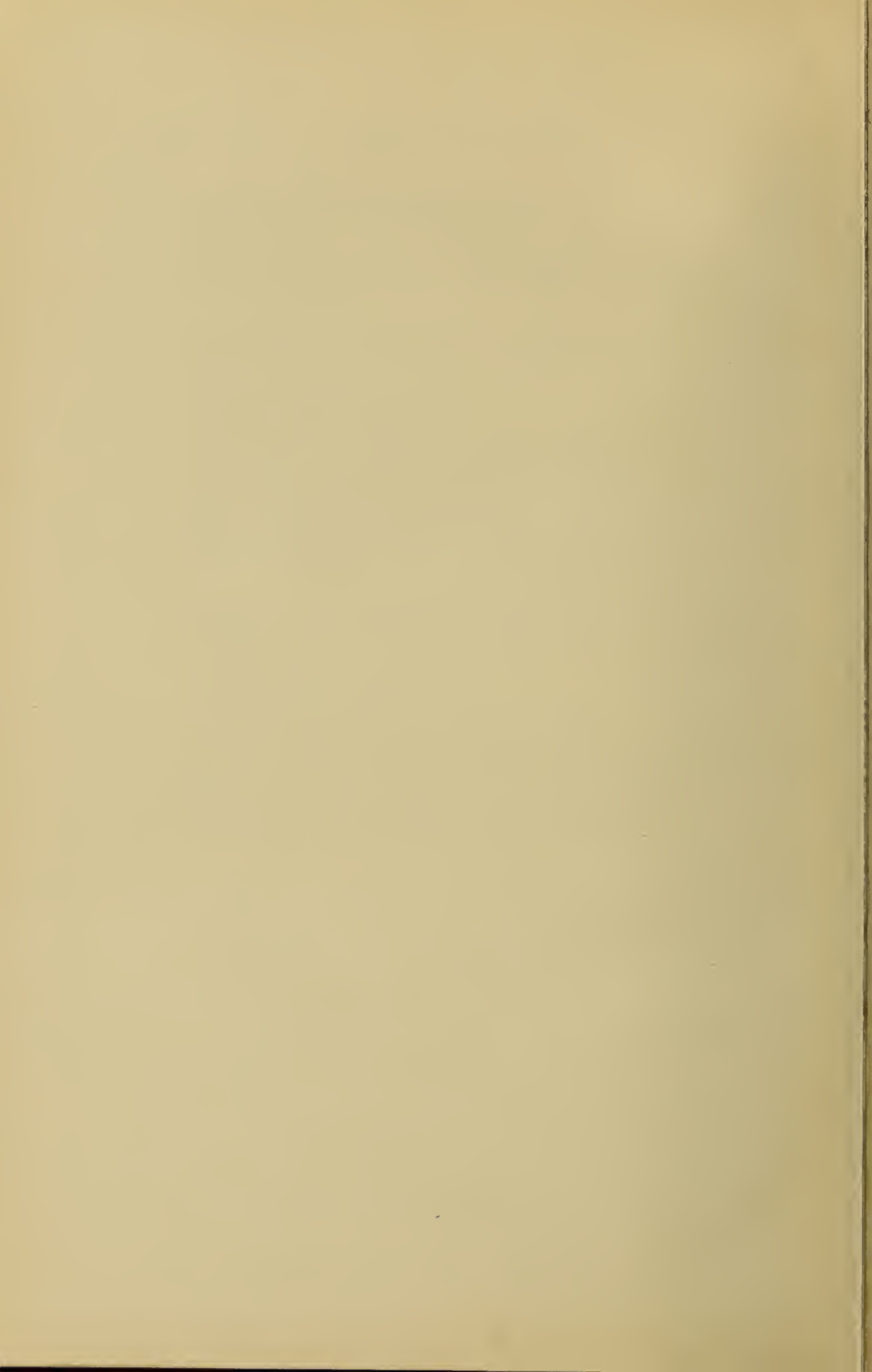
But he had failed to go with the tide,
He never regarded the popular side;
Firm as a rock,
He never shook,
But aimed at fashionable sin the stroke.

Careless either of name or fame
He labored on and stood the same.
And, when the crowd with the world had gone,
With a faithful few he stood alone.

When thus he was near the setting sun,
His earthly labor so nearly done,
I saw his face
In an obscure place,
And there he ended his earthly race.
His body was weak, his heart the same,
There still was burning the heavenly flame.
The tenement frail, full oft it shook
When the spirit's mighty power awoke.

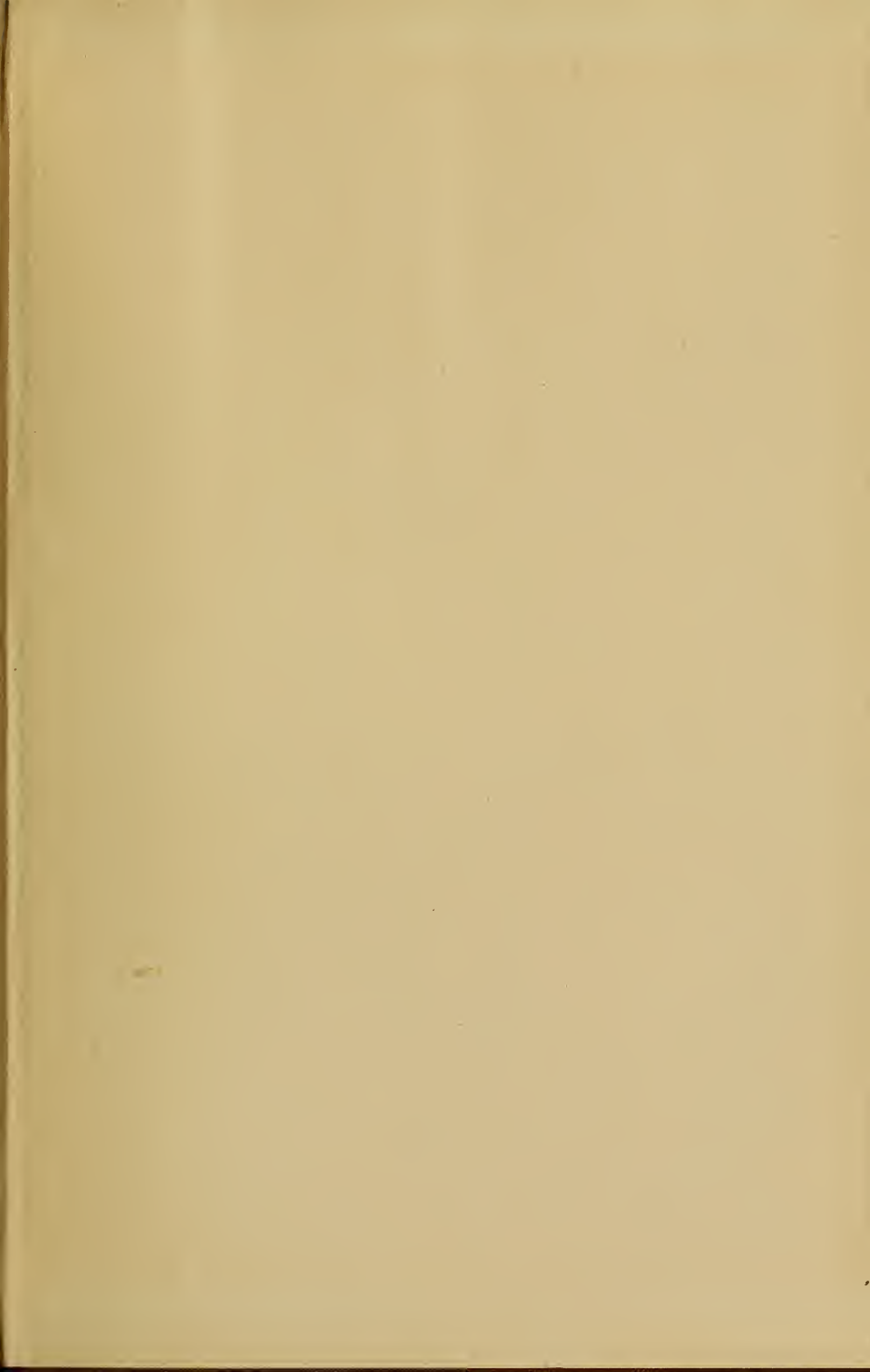
His sun did set in obscurity's night,
But ah! is risen in glory bright.
A sigh, a look,
And God him took,
He slept, and then at Home awoke.
We laid him low on the prairie wild,
But God will know and welcome his child.
Now o'er his grave blows the wintry blast,
But labor and sorrow for him are past.











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